The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

P. GRAY MEEK, Editor and Prop'r.

Chester Munson, Esq., of Philipsburg, has been appointed associate judge to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Larimer. This is a good appointment. Mr. Manson is one of the active business men of Philipsburg, and a gentleman of the utmost probity of character.

Suppose foreign countries put a prohibitory tariff upon products from this country as protectionists here propose we should do with products of foreign lands, where would our farmers find a market. Just see, farmers, how much you ship to other lands:

The statistics of the United States treasury show the value of wheat and other breadstuffs exported from this country and sold abroad has averaged annually for the last five years three hundred millions of dollars; that the value of provisions, such as butter, lard, cheese, pork and other meats, exported from this country and sold abroad, averaged during the last five years about sixty millions of dollars, and that the number of horned cattle, hogs, horses, mules sheep, exported from this country and sold abroad, runs from six millions to twelve millions per annum.

The Lewistown *Gazette*, Republican, complains thus:

"The current has changed, instead of coming into this country gold is leaving it for Europe."

Now don't the *Gazette* know we are living under a radical Republican administration and tariff which should cure all evils. If the Democrats were in power all this would be attributed to the tariff and such like bosh.

The Democratic and Republican National Conventions will be held in Chicago on account of its ample hotel accommodations. The Greenbackers go to some other town—any hotel with the ordinary Pennsylvania license requirements, two beds and stable room for four horses, will supply all accommodations for their National convention, while the stumps left in the Chicago lager beer glasses during one convention would more than supply all their liquid for the entire campaign.

The report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for 1883 shows the following results:

Pennsylvania Railroad Division—main line and branches, Pittsburg to Philadelphia: Gross earnings, $32,017,813; expenses, $18,321,413; net earnings from operating, $13,696,400; to which add income from investments, $4,118,059, and income from Empire line and other sources, $563,901, making together $4,676,960, gives entire net earnings $18,373,360. Out of this was paid: Rentals to branch roads, $1,602,450; interest on bonded debt, $3,248,806; State taxes and other items, $1,578,673; total, $6,429,926, which, deducted from the net earnings, leaves the net income $11,945,431.

On the New Jersey Division the gross earnings were $14,956,596, and the expenses $10,804,931, leaving net earnings from operating $4,151,682, to which add interest from investments $311,650, making total net earnings $4,463,332. The payments on account of dividends, interest and interest on equipment were $5,117,247, leaving the net loss under the lease $653,915.

On the Philadelphia and Erie Division the gross earnings were $4,108,846, expenses $2,620,824, leaving net earnings from operating $1,488,019, from which deduct interest for use of equipment $172,281, leaves a balance of $1,315,738, which was paid over to the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company as rental.

The income from securities owned by the company was $214,321 greater than interest upon its entire funded indebtedness.

The lines owned or controlled by the company west of Pittsburg, operated by the Pennsylvania Company and the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad Company, showed gross earnings, $26,102,802; expenses, $17,407,562; net earnings, $9,085,100, from which deduct rental, interest and liabilities of all kinds chargable thereto, $8,261,204, leaves net profit $823,895. The other lines west of Pittsburg in which the Pennsylvania Co. is interested show gross earnings, $9,034,668; expenses, $7,804,900; net earnings, $1,069,767, from which deduct rental and interest, $2,147,839, making a loss of $118,166, of which the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. was directly or indirectly responsible for $11,227.

A summary of the lines owned or controlled east and west of Pittsburg show gross earnings from traffic, $103,653,532; gross expenses, including rentals, interest, dividends, &c., $68,917,056; net earnings, $39,736,476; number of tons of freight, 83,608,162; number of passengers, 48,846,811.

COPY-RIGHT ON NEWS.

Some of the large city journals are asking congress to pass a law to prevent other journals from publishing news which appeared in their columns, in order to give them a monopoly of the news business and to smoke out papers of the smaller towns.

The demand strikes the REPORTER about as nonsensical as anything can be. For instance: Suppose an earthquake should occur in some part of the world, these fellows would put a patent on the whole affair, yet had about as little to do with getting up the earthquake, helping it on, swallowing up any person or city as a chaw of tobacco. If the earthquake itself came and asked for a copy-right of the muss it had originated there might be some allowance, but for these big journals to ask it, they write themselves down as very big asses, because they simply relate what quite another party has originated.

Just think if one of our mountains here makes up its mind to get on the rampage, starts up an earthquake, swallows up one or two of our villages and the inhabitants, and the REPORTER prints the fact, and asks a copy-right on simply relating what perhaps a hundred other eyes had witnessed!

Suppose two railroad trains make up their minds to pass each other on the same track—the journal that would ask a twenty-four hours' patent for telling that fact would only make a jack-ass of itself. Suppose there were 100 lives lost by such a collision, how many anxious friends would consult their first and nearest daily to see the list of killed and wounded, but under a patent they would not get the information at all unless they subscribed for one of the big dailies and waited until the next train brought it along.

The demand for a copy-right upon things that are transpiring is shamefully rediculous.

We can conceive the propriety of a man asking a copy-right on a story which he invented, or on a literary work entirely the result of his own brain, but to ask a copy-right for an account of an earthquake or a railroad collision which he had nothing at all to do with getting up, would show that he tries to be a mean monopolist or is a fit subject for the asylum.

It would just be as proper for a man who had given an account of a great casualty, by word of mouth, to ask a copy-right to prevent any one from repeating it or telling it to his neighbor. What would be the difference between this demand and the one spoken of above?

We don't think that our member from this district, Gov. Curtin, or the senators from this state, will come down to voting for this demand of the big babies of the city journals.

The Blaine boom seems to be growing—the Republican masses largely favor him. When it gets to Chicago, however, the delegates may imagine they are impliedly instructed for another.

For a "sick and feeble old man," we never knew the like how the mention of Mr. Tilden's name for the presidency, creates saucer-eyes in certain quarters. Its real amusing.

We are still of the opinion it is likely to be Sammy Tilden. What a consternation that would create in the stalwart ranks. The ghost of Jackson would not create a greater scare among the bloody-shirters.

The New York Democracy in the approaching presidential campaign will present a united front, no matter who is the nominee. The Tammany Democracy, with John Kelly as leader, have announced their determination to attend the Democratic national convention at Chicago, on July 8th, and will abide by the nominations and do all in their power to carry New York for the ticket. Kelly says he will support Tilden.

The voters of Clearfield county voted on the Poor House question, on the 19th of February last. The total vote polled on the question was 5,694, of which 2,371 were for a Poor House, and 3,323 were against it. The project was therefore defeated.

Joliet, Ill., March 7.—Frank Rande, the desperado who made the attempt upon the life of Deputy McDonald last Saturday night at the Penitentiary, and who was placed in solitary confinement, hung himself last night. Rande's real name was Charles C. Scott. He killed no less than five men in 1877, and is supposed to have killed thirteen men in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri.

—The chances for buying ready-made clothing at a greatly reduced price are still open yet at the Philadelphia Branch. Lewins & Co. have some No. 1 goods on hand yet, and will dispose of it at almost any price before the spring trade begins. Let all remember this,—there are bargains in the air such as you rarely find.

Organized action between England and the Continental powers against anarchists and the dynamiters has been agreed upon without any special treaty. The police departments of the powers have been instructed to co-operate with one another under this compact. The Swiss Government has ordered the arrest of a number of anarchists at Berne and the search of the domiciles of suspected persons and the office of a workingmen's society at Berne. The Swiss police have arrested a German anarchist named Kennel. They sent information to Vienna which led to the seizure of Kammerer and other anarchists. The refugees at Geneva suspected a man named Penkert, a rampant anarchist speaker, to be a government spy. Penkert received warning and suddenly disappeared. The Vienna "Official Gazette" publishes an official order stating that letters opened by the police and afterwards sent to their destination will bear an official seal, with mention of the fact that they have been opened at the office and distributed.

Josiah Moyer took his own life by hanging, in a stable, owned by Jno. Huzzard, in Mifflintown, last Sunday morning, 2. He was aged about 73 years. A few weeks ago he fastened himself with a rope to a flood gate, and with suicidal intent, rolled himself into Doe Run, in Walker township. The ice-cold water of the stream changed his mind and he was glad to get out of the water. Some days ago he came to live with his son, Harry, who occupies one of John Huzzard's houses. On Sunday morning Harry Moyer, after returning from his work at the railroad, proceeded to sweep snow from the paths about the house. When he came by the window of the room that his father occupied, it being on the ground floor, he noticed that it was hoisted. The sight of the opened window aroused suspicion, that perhaps all was not right with his father. While search was being made for him his son went to the stable and there found him hanging to a joist dead. The old man was of unsound mind.

MADISONBURG ITEMS.

Allow us to congratulate our friend John Brown, of Bellefonte, formerly of this place,—the first is a bouncing boy; just what we want, a young Democrat. The Madisonburg literary society is becoming the most prominent organizat on in the county. Our community has been generally healthful during this winter. Our foundries and planing mills are in full blast and are constantly full of work. Carpenters and painters are busy getting the new houses ready for April 1. Visit Speigiemeyer's store; you'll find something of interest to you. An apple tree on H. R. Feidler's farm has several full blown blossoms and several buds ready to burst. Who says that the boys wont send a solid delegation to Bellefonte from Miles, Haines and Gregg for Miles Walker for Sheriff this fall? Every body seems to be well pleased with Michael Miller for school director; no doubt he will take great interest in our schools. We hear a great many railroad stories about a road to be built from Coburn to this place, but until we hear something definite we will have nothing to say—there has been too much talk already.

JUSTICE.

LADIES IN AMERICA

long before they reach middle age frequently find themselves suffering from some complaints and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. For all such Kidney-Wort is a great boon. It induces a healthy action of the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system, and strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body. It is nature's great assistant in establishing and sustaining health. Sold by all druggists.

PERSONAL.—J. B. Heckman, one of Gregg township's leading citizens, called in our sanctum. Jas. D. Gentzel, one of Gregg twp's honest farmers, favored the "Reporter" with a call. Alfred Krape, one of Spring Mills' most useful young men, paid our sanctum a pop visit.

Constable Kline called to see the "Reporter"—we think he was re elected upwards of a score of times. M. L. Rishel, esq., of Gregg, also honored our sanctum with a call.

Ph. Meyer, of Millheim, gave us a call—he takes charge of Pine Creek Mills this spring. Daniel Gentzel, farmer, of Penns Creek, also looked in on the "Reporter."

—Cheap! 220 pair of Shoes!—100 pair of women's coarse, heavy winter shoes—120 pair of men and boys' coarse shoes, which will be sold before April 1, next, at near cost, to get room for new goods. The above lot will be sold by the single pair or in lots, to suit purchaser Men and boy's heavy boots also offered very cheap to make room. These extraordinary bargains offered at the best shoe store in the county—which is Powers & Son, Bellefonte.

A Trifling Error of $1,000,000.

CHICAGO, March 5.—An error of nearly $1,000,000 in the finance committee's report has created something of a sensation at the west of city government. The figures show that the city's resources for the year should be $1,179,000 more than the comptroller had estimated—in fact, as much more than the revenue will amount to. The heads of the departments and the council don't know what to do about it.

Murat Halstead as a Prophet.

CINCINNATI, March 6.—Murat Halstead has just returned from Washington. When interviewed he said: "I think Sherman and Payne will be nominated for presidential candidates. Payne is the strongest Democrat in Ohio and Sherman can beat him. Ohio being an October state and a doubtful state, a defeat here will be far reaching."

A STORY OF '76 REVIVED

Did Mr. Conkling Make a Pledge and Violate It?

He Says Emphatically, "No," but Mr. Woolley Declares that He Evaded a Solemn Obligation and Details the Particulars.

NEW YORK, March 6.—The old story of ex-Senator Conkling's alleged bargain to vote and act against the decision of the electoral commission in the matter of Louisiana's vote for president in 1876, and thereby insure the election and seating of Mr. Tilden, has been revived here by a statement of Col. Charles Wooley, of Cincinnati, who was one of Mr. Tilden's managers in Washington during that memorable campaign. It does not seem to be clear why the story should be resurrected just now, but the statement of Mr. Wooley and the denial of Mr. Conkling are equally emphatic, and the status quo of the question is just where it always was. Mr. Wooley says:

"I was one of five to whom Mr. Tilden entrusted the management of the affairs of his headquarters at Washington during the progress of the electoral contest there. The late Senator Randolph, of New Jersey, first called my attention to the position and feeling of Senator Conkling in regard to the claims of Mr. Hayes to Mr. Tilden's seat. Senator Randolph assured me that Mr. Conkling was very much opposed to the accession of Mr. Hayes to the presidency. On the day before the senate voted upon the decision of the electoral commission in the Louisiana case Smith M. Weed, of New York, came into the headquarters and said that he had had a most peculiar conversation with Mr. Conkling a moment before, which was, as I remember it, to this effect:—Mr. Conkling said, 'Weed, the decision in this Louisiana case is damnable, and should not be allowed to pass without protest.' Upon Mr. Weed telling me that I said, 'Now I think I see daylight before us, provided Mr. Conkling is a statesman. If he is simply a large brained New York politician we will fail; otherwise we will succeed.'

"We went to work then, three of us, and arranged that a western senator, Mr. Conkling's most intimate personal friend, should see him and give him proper assurances that there were some Republican senators who felt as he did who would follow his lead, asking simply that he should lead.

"Mr. Conkling left the Arlington hotel that evening in company with Gen. Butler for the White House about half-past eight o'clock. He had scarcely gone when the western senator came in, and finding Mr. Conkling had gone took a seat in the office of the Arlington, where he remained until Mr. Conkling's return, about midnight. The senator in question came down and reported to one of the persons to whom I alluded: 'Conkling is better than a one eyed lioness. He says he will make the fight. I told him I would sustain him. Now get your men ready.' Upon this I arranged that we should go to work, and see that every senator was in his place—not only the Democrats but the Republican senators whom Mr. Conkling had been assured would sustain him. Hamilton, of Texas, a Hayes Republican, was at that time sick in New York; hence we had one more vote than was necessary to sustain Mr. Conkling and to defeat the decision of the electoral commission in the Louisiana case.

"On the morning that the vote was to be taken I saw Mr. Conkling from my window get into a car running to the capitol. This was at about half-past ten o'clock. It was reported to me that afternoon, and in fact telegraphed to me from the capitol over a fictitious name, that we were defeated; Conkling had run away. Mr. Conkling left the capitol upon the train that started for Baltimore about 1:30. He denied that he had ever made any agreement or bargain of the sort, but said that he had gone to Baltimore on a business engagement. He left the capitol within about thirty minutes of the time when the vote was to be taken upon a decision that he said was damnable, and which was to decide the presidency of this country and establish a precedent which he and every good citizen of both parties, I believe, now regrets."

Mr. Conkling's denial reads like a legal document. It is as follows:

"Never at midnight or midday on the day specified, nor at any hour of any other day or night, did I make any such promise or give any such assurance. Never did I intend to do the thing indicated, and never was there an expectation or belief on my part that seven republican senators or any other number of republican senators would vote against the decision referred to concerning Louisiana. The story, like many others which have been again and again repeated for years, and which, I ought, annoying, I have never publicly noticed, has no foundation whatever in truth. If anybody will produce a person who in my presence will say that I ever made to him a promise or statement that I would speak or vote as stated, I will reward him for his trouble."

Independent Republicans.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The committee appointed by the Mott Memorial Independent Republicans held an adjourned meeting in The Evening Post building. There were present Gen. Barlow, Jas. M. Ward, Harper, Carl Schurz, Alfred T. White, Frank W. Hollis, E. A. Doty, Gen. Tremaine and S. Kauffman.

David Allerton was appointed secretary to the committee, and permanent headquarters were established at 160 Broadway. The principal business transacted was the discussion and adoption of a circular which will be issued some time during the week and sent to Republicans all over the country.

Arthur as First Choice.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 6.—The Republican convention, composed of 178 delegates, only a score of whom are white, spent the entire session in effecting a preliminary organization. Kellogg was made permanent chairman but Pinchback served for him. Kellogg, Pinchback, surveyor of port, Dumont, naval officer, and Badger, the collector of the port, were selected as delegates at large. Arthur is the first choice of the convention.

—Largest line of gent's furnishing goods in Garmans.

Mr. Tilden's Health.

NEW YORK, March 4.—Carroll E. Smith, of Utica, a prominent Republican editor and member of the state committee, said here to-night that Democrats in his section were for Tilden as the presidential nominee. "I cannot know his physical condition," Mr. Smith added, "or they would never think of such a thing. Why, Tilden is dead below the eyes. His mind is clear enough, but he has neither voice nor hearing. To converse with him is an agonizing affliction. His attendant stands by the old man's side and repeats in his ear what you want said to him. When the old man whispers his reply to the attendant the latter tells you what it is. Mr. Tilden's voice is so low and husky that no one not accustomed to it can understand what he says. His lower jaw drops down as he attempts to talk, and he has no power over it to bring it back into place."

OMAHA, Neb., March 5.—The Omaha Herald, edited by a very old friend of Mr. Tilden and one who should be able to speak for him authoritatively, has the following:

"In answer to many inquiries it gives us much pleasure to say, as it will give his multitude of friends in this part of the West much pleasure to hear, that the health of Hon. S. J. Tilden has been much improved in the last two or three weeks. We received information yesterday, which is entirely reliable, that Mr. Tilden rides out and takes long drives as a daily habit, which means that he is again in his usual comfortable condition."

A League Against England.

BERLIN, March 4.—The German ministerial organs associate the alliance of Russia, Germany and Austria with a coming league of the continental powers against the maritime and commercial preponderance of England. A notable article appears in The Kreuz-Zeitung, which predicts the formation of a league, including France, to break the insular supremacy of England, which, it says, by the annexation of Egypt, has completed the links of a gigantic chain extending from Gibraltar to China and coiled around the body of Europe, monopolizing the commerce of the world, and making the Mediterranean sea and Indian ocean English lakes. The Berlin Post urges France to join an alliance promising more substantial benefits than those arising from her entente with England. Dr. Busch, under foreign secretary, in an article in The Grenzboten, remarks that Russia's progress towards India is a matter of indifference to Germany. "England," he says, "is no longer our ally, but regards us with evident mistrust." It is supposed that these articles are indications of a diplomatic campaign against England.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

It is rumored here that we have changed our name from News Boy to Mountain Boy who reports for the "Democrat." We pointedly deny it, since two correspondents from this valley are reporting items I felt like yielding the field for the time being to them. Gentlemen, I want it understood that you will hear from us when our time arrives. Jack Plain, of the "Journal," do not be alarmed, we are all O. K. Jack, take a friendly advice and leave us alone, or we will be obliged to report of your whereabouts. On Sunday Chas. Horner's smoke-house took fire and was consumed; the meat of ten hogs was in it and was much damaged. Elmer Weaver, of Aaronsburg, is now clerk in J. B. Fisher's store; he seems to be a pleasant young fellow. Prof. Ezra Smith, of Illinois, came here on a visit to his children and parents.

NEWS BOY.

POTTER TOWNSHIP AUDITORS' REPORT.

Receipts and Expenditures for the Year ending March 10, 1884.

1883. SUPERVISOR, Peter Rearick — DR.

March 12. To balance due Twp		$220 23
March 10, 1884.		CR.
By cash	68 13	
Allowance for labor	9 60	
Percentage	2 95	
Balance	139 55	
	$220 23	
To balance due Twp		$139 55

1883. SUPERVISOR, John Emerick. — DR.

March 12. To balance due Twp		298 01
1884, Mar. 10. To Am't of Dup		700 15
	$999 16	
1884, March 10.		CR.
By labor paid	$702 30	
By 79 days service	79 00	
By exonerations	79	
By balance	217 07—	999 16
To balance due Township		217 07

1883. SUPERVISOR, James Runkle. — DR.

March 12. To balance due Twp.	128 47	
1884, Mar. 10. To am't Dup	659 36	
To cash from Auditors	34 06—	821 86
March 10.		CR.
By labor paid	652 28	
By damages paid S. Miller	40 00	
By damages p'd W. Mulbergre	5 00	
By timber for bridges	6 00	
By error in duplicate	4 91	
By 84½ days service	84 80	
By balance	29 17—	821 86
To balance		$ 29 17

1883. OVERSEER POOR, Jac. Meiss. — DR.

March 12. To balance due twp.	$ 96 91	
1884, Mar. 10. To am't Dup	102 50—	198 67
1884, March 10.		CR.
By exonerations on Dup., 1883	1 75	
By relief to Wm. Bethlehem	180 11	
" Elke Child	122 00	
" J. Nevil	66 81	
" Geo. McMinn	28 61	
" Mrs. Carlin	1 50	
" E. Pennington	25	
" Eliza Jordan	124 75	
By legal services paid	1 00	
By medical attendance	65 00	
By Making duplicate	4 80	
By error in Duplicate	58	
By 46 days service	46 00	
By percentage	45 10	
By balance	216 60—	908 67
To balance		$310 50

1883. OVERSEER POOR, Peter Hoffer. — DR.

March 12. To balance due Twp.	$305 91	
Am't Duplicate	918 47—	$1222 01
March 10, 1884.		CR.
By relief Mrs. Miles	122 13	
" Mrs. Trosher	97 97	
" Daniel Keen	94 24	
" Wm. Tobias	84 99	
" Bethleheni twp	46 00	
" Daniel Fauber	102 00	
" Geo. Sheppard	95 47	
" Mrs. Carlin	124 47	
" Fred Ehart	50 00	
By legal service	10 00	
By 90 days service	90 00	
By exonerations for 1882	40	
By percentage	45 92	
By balance	329 99—	$1322 01

TREAS. OF AUDIT, W. W. Spangler. — DR.

1884, March 10. To cash		$22 10
March 10.		DR.
By cash paid A. C. Bipka	1 50	
" W. W. Spangler	1 50	
" W. W. Mingle	1 50	
" P. W. Runkle	1 50	
" W. W. Spangler	11 50	
By cash D. J. Meyer room rent	2 50	
" F. Kurtz printing	16 00	
" stationery	10—	$22 10

We, the undersigned Auditors of Potter Twp., have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

W. B. MINGLE,
A. C. BIPKA, J. W. RUNKLE,
Town Clerk. W. W. SPANGLER,
Centre Hall, March 10, 1884.

STORIES ON THE ROAD.

Commercial Travelers at a Wayside Inn —Something to Put in a Gripsack.

"Gentlemen, I almost envy you the position you fill; your experience of the world; your knowledge of business; the changing sights you see, and all that, you know."

This warmly expressed regret fell from the lips of an elderly pleasure tourist, last August, and was addressed to a small circle of commercial travelers seated on the porch of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

"Yes," responded a New York representative of the profession, "a drummer isn't without his pleasures, but he runs his risks, too—risks outside the chances of railroad collisions and steamboat explosions."

"What risks for instance?"

"This, for instance," said Mr. W. D. Franklin, who was then traveling for an eastern house, and is known to merchants in all parts of the country: "The risk—which, indeed, amounts almost to a certainty—of getting the dyspepsia from the perpetual change of diet and water and from having no fixed hours for eating and sleeping. I myself was an example. I say I was, for I am all right now."

"No discount on your digestion?" broke in a Chicago dry goods traveler, lighting his cigar afresh.

"Not a quarter per cent. But I had to give up traveling for a while. The dyspepsia ruined my paper. Finally I came across an advertisement of PARKER'S TONIC. I tried it and it fixed me up to perfection. There is nothing on earth, in my opinion, equal to it as a cure for dyspepsia."

Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York, the proprietors, hold a letter from Mr. Franklin stating that precise fact. PARKER'S TONIC aids digestion, cures Malarial Fevers, Heartburn, headache, Coughs and Colds, and all chronic diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. Put a bottle in your valise. Prices, 50c. and $1. Economy in larger size. mar

—The Philad. Branch is putting out clothing faster than ever before. Lewins & Co. have put down the prices of winter clothing so low, that nearly everybody is buying a suit to save money. They are selling low to get rid of stock and make room for the spring trade. Don't miss this chance for a bargain. You can't do so well anywhere in the state as at the Philad. Branch.

—Some remarkable cures, in this vicinity of long continued and obstinate diseases, are attributed to McDonald's Blood Purifier.

Ready-made window shades at Garmans.

—Rain on Wednesday.

FISHING TACKLE.

Complete stock of

RODS, FLIES,
LINES, HOOKS,
NETS,

And Fishing Tackle in general.

Also just received

BOXING GLOVES, MACROME TWINE,
All colors.

I will issue a Catalogue April 1, 1884, containing price lists of Guns, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Musical Instruments, and a copy of the "Game Laws of Penn'a," which I will send FREE to any address on application.

THEODORE DESHLER, Gunsmith,
Emaron, Bellefonte, Penn'a.

PUBLIC SALES.

Sale March 22.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Farmers Mills, March 22, at 1 p. m. the following: Cook stove with cooking utensils, parlor stove, 3 beds and bedding, sink, dining table, breakfast table, corner cupboard, ½ dozen chairs, settee, 35 yards carpet, chest; side saddle, copper kettle, iron kettle, tub, patent washing machine, clothes wringer, full set stoneware dishes, set common dishes, stone crocks, glass jars, 8-day clock, and other articles.

CATHARINE RISHEL.

Sale March 21.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of Levi Reader, dec'd, in Gregg township, on Friday, March 21, at 1 p. m. the following: One horse, 2 cows, 1 bull, 5 head young cattle, 10 head shoats, sow, two-horse wagon, plantation wagon, 1-horse wagon, top buggy, 2-horse sled, threshing machine, power, shaker and strap, fanning mill, horse gears, collars, bridles, double harness, corn fodder, 6000 feet dry white pine boards, 1000 feet green white pine boards, 1000 feet oak planks, 300 feet walnut boards, 200 broad rails. Household goods: 2 cook stoves, cupboard, chairs, tables, lounge, 3 bedsteads and bedding, carpet, meat stands, iron kettle, bureau. (No mucksters allow ed on premises.) JAMES P. GENTZEL,
SARAH READER,
J. N. Leitzel, Auc't. Administrators.

Sale March 22.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned on Saturday, March 22, at 1 o'clock p. m.: One 3 year old mare, well broke; buggy with shifting top, platform spring wagon good as new, with three seats, pole and shafts; truck wagon, sled, top for meat wagon and meat box, set good truck harness, set driving harness, 2 sets fifths, double and single trees, hay by the ton, cutting box, forks, rakes, chovels, wheelbarrow, grind stone, pair platform scales, shop coal stove, cook stove and pipe, 20 cords good rock oak bark, robe, horse blanket, set check lines, saddle back, 2 cupboards, table, ½ dozen chairs, tubs, wash boilers, meat stand, canned fruit, alarm clock, and many other articles.

D. R. Sweetwood, Auc't. CHAS. H. SHIFFLER.

Sale March 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned at Centre Hill, Thursday, March 20, the following: Two head of horses, 2 cows, one heifer, 4 head young cattle, 2-horse wagon, spring wagon, buggy, new bob sled, sulkey, cutter, 2 set hay ladders, Centre Hall corn-planter, new South Bend chilled plow, 2 cultivator, hay rake, set tug harness, hynets, cow chains, double and single trees, cross-cut saw, grind stone, pick, hoes, shovels, work bench and blacksmith tools. Household furniture. Two set bed steads, 8 tables, 2 cupboards, doughtray, flour chest, cider barrels, tubs, chairs, 2 coal stoves, cook stove, iron kettle, and other articles. Sale at one o'clock p. m.

David Sweetwood, Auc't. MARY A. SNYDER.

Sale March 14.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold, at public sale at the residence of the undersigned seven miles west of Bellefonte, on the Buffalo Run road, Friday, March 14, at 9 p. m., the following articles: Four head of horses, 7 milk cows, short-horned bull 18 months old, Holstein bull 6 months old, a head of young cattle, a head of sheep, Leicester buck, 5 shoats, 2 breed sows, blooded Cheshire hog, 10 horse Geyser separator and power, fanning mill, 2 plantation wagons, 4 inch; 2-horse spring wagon, Russel reaper combined, Keystone cultivator, Centre Hall corn planter, corn scraper, 2 South Bend plows good as new, 3 harrows, grain drill, hay rake, bob sled, sleigh, log sled, land roller, single and double 4rees, harpoon hay fork with rope and pulleys, 2 sets of hay ladders, set of wood ladders, pair breechbands, 2 pairs scrappers, plow gears, single harness, double harness, 4 sets fifths, britches, collars, team saddle, check lines, cow chains, rakes, forks, log chain, sausage cutter, iron kettle, 2 parlor stoves, cook stove, No. 1 dinner bell, 2 bed steads, bureau, 2 tables, meat vessel, tubs, barrels, and other articles.

Jos. L. Neff, Auct. DANIEL HECKMAN.

Sale March 13.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, 2 miles south east of Boalsburg, on Wednesday, March 13, the following: One mare, 2 cows, one fresh; 5 sheats, open buggy, spring wagon, set of single harness, set of plow gears, Household furniture, Cooking stove, room stove and pipe, 2 bedsteads, stand, dressing bureau, breakfast table, dining table, square cupboard, sink, doughtray, set of kitchen chairs, set of cane seated chairs, 2 rocking chairs, lounge, cradle, 24-hour clock, crocks and buckets, meat vessel, iron kettle, cider barrel, vinegar keg, churn, grindstone, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m.

Wm. Goheen, Auct. DAVID OTTO.

THE PASSING OF THE CLOUD.

Then came a cloud over yonder hill
When the wind was muttering low,
Round and white as the sails, that fill
When the winds o'er the ocean go.

And the skirts of the cloud were snowy white,
But the heart of the cloud was black;
And the sunshine fled, and the trees in fright
Murmured and bowed them back.

And the cruel North wind whistled shrill,
And the South wind sobbed in turn,
And the East wind shrieked, "Come down and kill!"
And the West wind signed, "Return!"

But the cloud gave heed to sob nor cry,
But swept over hill and plain;
The cloud went by in the broad blue sky,
And the sunshine came again.

THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Edbury rode "over dale and over down" in the sweet stillness of the July night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the branches of the trees. Now and then an invisible night bird piped a solitary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over hills as the queenly moon, well attended by her guards, rode indolently down the broad highway of heaven. The blue dome, looking soft as velvet, was, like the fabled path of love, strewn thickly with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he gained the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little watering place which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew rein and sat silent a moment enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left an old-fashioned brick house reared its twisted chimneys aloft. So close was he to it that its sharp gables seemed to cut the air over his head, and only a strip of green lawn, bordered by horse-chestnut trees separated him from the windows gleaming in the moonlight.

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might—"

Robert Edbury hushed his song when he perceived, for the first time, his very close proximity to the house and the windows.

"The substantial home of some substantial farmer," he said to himself. "I had better move on, or his daughters may think I am serenading them."

Too late! Just then a window was opened softly overhead, and a lady's face appeared at it. In the rush of bright moonlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold-gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was lovely. At any rate, the voice was.

"Robert, dear, is it you?"

For half a minute Robert Edbury was mute with surprise, and made no answer.

"Is it you, Robert? Why don't you speak?"

He spoke, then, low, and with hesitation,

"How did you know it was I?"

"Of course I knew it was you." There was a dash of petulance in the sweet voice now. "Who else but you would be riding and singing in that absurd way at this hour of the night, and halting before the house? Have you a cold, Robert? Your voice sounds different from what it usually does."

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Robert, wickedly, and getting his wits partially together. "Or I may have cracked it with singing." But still he spoke in the most subdued of tones. "I did not expect the pleasure of speaking with you."

"The very idea of your coming up on horseback at this night hour! You know you ought not to be out. Why did you do it? Where are you going? Into Spafield?"

"To be sure."

"But what for?"

"To see a friend."

"Who is it?" came the quick response. "Not—not Nelly Cameron?"—with a shade of jealousy in the tone now. "Are the Camerons receiving this evening?"

"Not that I know of," returned Robert Edbury, promptly. "I swear to you I was not going to see Nelly Cameron. I have not spoken with a single young lady to-day, except yourself."

"Poor Robert," and a little laugh rippled lightly on the air. "But do go. You know what your health is, and that you have no business to be riding at this time of night. You ought to take better care of yourself. You will be laid up to-morrow; your voice already sounds strange and altered. Good night."

"One moment," cried Robert Edbury, earnestly, as he leaped from his horse, fastened the bridle to the gate, and stepped inside beneath the window, where gleamed that mysterious, enchanting face. "Won't you give me a flower—you can easily reach that clustering vine by your casement. Perhaps—perhaps I shall wish to ask you some time to forgive me some great offense. Won't you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strange you talk. Of course I would give you a flower; but these are only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing but roses. But stay!"—the pretty voice caught itself. "I have a bunch of violets on my table. Would you like them?"

"Anything—anything that comes from your hands!" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke.

The bright face disappeared a moment from the window and then returned—a white hand gleamed in the moonlight.

"There, take them, and now you must go! Quick! I hear some one stirring. Suppose it should be mamma! Good night, dear Robert!"

The window was softly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found them where they fell. But, as they were falling, the quick eyes of Robert Edbury had discerned something, bright as a star, falling too. The small strip of grass where he had stood was entirely in the shade, hidden from the light by the large horse-chestnut trees, and he had to grope in the dark for this glittering thing. An instant's search revealed it to be what he had suspected—a lady's bracelet. It was a slender circlet of gold, studded with crystal. The quick momement had unclasped it from her arm; and Robert, with a smile, put it side by side with the withered bunch of violets in his pocket as he rode away.

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down."

sang Mr. Edbury as he rode swiftly on in the purple dusk of the trees. "Sceptre and crown, if I had them, I'd fling them down for the one bare chance of hearing that lovely voice once again."

He was alone; there was no one to see him; and taking the violets out of his pocket he kissed them tenderly. It was most absurdly silly of him to do it; but who of us does not do silly things in the heyday of our youth's morning? Silly things that we blush for afterward, perhaps; just as Robert Edbury blushed when putting the violets again quickly away.

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might—"

But his song got no further than that; it died away in thought.

Passing arm-in-arm down the crowded dancing room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note which at once arrested his attention. He had said that he should know that divine voice again, hear it wherever or whenever he might, and he was not mistaken. A certain remonstrance lay in the tone; not to say misbelief.

"But who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you? It frightens me to think of it. It—it was somebody of your height and figure. It must have been yourself, Robert."

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie. I should like to know who it was."

"He was a gentleman, I am sure—" with a stress upon the word. "You need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw close beside him, leaning on the other Robert's arm, a young girl, surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of her hair, shone in the bosom of her dress, and a bunch of them was somehow intertwined with the slender gold wrist-chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as, turning her face, the girl's soft violet blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingly on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend. "How lovely she is! What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before; but here it is pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

"It is Miss Chassdane," was the answer. "She and her mother live at the Grove, half a mile out of town."

"A farm house," remarked Robert.

"No, it is not. It looks not unlike one. They are people of property. Yes, she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if you like."

Hals an hour later Robert Edbury was bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-wreathed window. They were as much alone as it is possible for one to be in the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd. The first notes of a Strauss waltz were beckoning the dancers, and gay couples went laughing, hurrying by.

"You are not engaged for this valse?" said Robert, eagerly.

Some remembered cadence of his voice struck the young girl's memory, and forgetting to answer him, she looked at him doubtfully, while a rosy blush swept over her forehead. She half knew him and half did not.

"Will you let me look at your card?" he pursued, as, with perfect courtesy in his voice and manner, he took the bit of gilt and enameled pasteboard which she had tucked away amid the roses at her wrist.

"I—I half promised this dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a quick glance over her shoulder into the swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rosebud that had fallen, and then held it triumphantly before the flushed and startled face by his side.

"See," he said, gayly; "I saved it from being crushed under foot. Will you not give it to me?"

But she reached out her hand impulsively. "I—I never give roses to strangers," she replied, with a cold, frightened, angry air. "They are Mr. Robert Stonor's roses. Give it back to me, if you please."

"My name is Robert, too," he said, in the same gayly tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank confession. "My name is Robert, too, Miss Chassdane. Therefore, may I not claim the rose?"

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, flew up and met his. She knew him then. Frightened and ashamed, and trembling from head to foot, she rose impulsively to her feet. He took a step backward, and they stood so, facing each other a moment in the gay, unheeding crowd.

"I know you know," gasped Jessie. "How dare you speak to me again—you are very presuming, sir. I will not bear it. Give me back my flower and leave me."

"Nay," he said, gently, but in the tone of a master, "is there cause for anger?" And in a low, reasoning, persuasive voice he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirit was calmed. In spite of herself and against her will she was becoming irresistibly attracted to this man.

"Give me this one waltz, Miss Chassdane, and then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange. But mind what I tell you, as sure as there is a heaven above us, the day is coming when you will offer me a rose unasked. Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over the young girl's face; his words, and more than all, his manner, impressed her as he meant they should. He stood, with proffered arm, courteously still beside her, and, though protesting inwardly with all her might that she would not dance, she gave him her hand, and in another moment they were floating deliciously together to the strains of the seductive music.

When it was over, Robert led her to her seat near some friends; her mother had not gone to the rooms that night. She looked very pale. The pretty rose color had all died out of the sweet round cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously, bending over her. "Are you tired? Shall I get you some water?"

"No, No!" she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint—but look at Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do? He is my cousin, and has ill health, and must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and saw standing near him that other Robert, who threatened to be—and perhaps was—no mean rival. His ill health was evident. One hand was pressed to his side as if to still some pain there and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked by unmistakable traces of confirmed sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival.

A half smile of scorn as he looked curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case like this a man has no pity for the ailments of another. With a grave face he took from his pocket the rosebud and laid it in Miss Chassdane's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said quietly. "I restore it to you at your wish. But remember what I said; and believe me, time will prove me to be no false prophet."

Without waiting for an answer, he bowed and disappeared amid the throng of dancers, seeking her no more that night.

"Is Miss Chassdane engaged to that man?" he questioned of his friend Norton.

"I believe there is no positive engagement," was the reply. "Mrs. Chassdane, it is said, objects to it."

"On what score does she object? Money?"

"Oh, no; Stonor has a small, compact estate close by, and is well off. On the score of his uncertain health. Also, they are cousins."

"What is it that is the matter with him?"

"Some complication, connected with both the lungs and the heart, which, I conclude, renders treatment difficult."

"Do you think Miss Chassdane cares for him?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury—if that's what you mean. It seems to me that she likes him more as a brother. When eligible attentions are paid to girls, they feel flattered, you know, and respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of them understand nothing of their own feelings, and mistake friendship for love. Robert Stonor and Miss Chassdane have grown up together—have been like brother and sister."

Frequently they met after that. It was an unusually gay season at Spafield, and entertainments abounded accordingly. In the morning drinking the water, or making believe to drink it; in the afternoon sauntering in the gardens, or on the parade; in the evening at the rooms, or at private parties; two or three times did Robert Edbury and Miss Chassdane meet, and linger together, and converse with each other. Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he staid on. He could have staid forever. The two or three weeks' sojourn he had intended had more than doubled itself. For he had learned to love her passionately; and all the world might see it for aught he cared. She, too, might see it, if she choose; but whether she did or not, he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore back his eager attentions.

At length there came an evening when he was determined to put his fate to the test; to go on in this uncertainty was worse than torment. They had not been much disturbed by Robert Stonor, a paroxysm of his complaint had confined that gentleman to his own home.

And so Robert Edbury went up to the old gabled house, before which his horse had halted that first night, and sought an interview with Miss Chassdane. She was quite alone. The long French window by which she sat was flung wide open, and the low red sunlight, streaming in over her, lighted up her fair gold hair and the roses in her dress.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought, as he took her hand in his. "What if I should not win her after all? But I will make a hard fight for it."

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said; and then, catching the earnest look in his eyes, she blushed violently and drew away her hand.

"I love you," he passionately broke forth in a low, tremulous tone, breaking his emotional silence. "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this, to win or lose you all. Jessie, you must know how I love you; how I have loved you all along, from the very first night I spoke to you, neither of us knowing the other. Will you not give me some hope of love in return? Do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man!"

Jessie was silent for a moment—one long, cruel moment to Robert Edbury—then the small, sweet face was turned to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom before hand, ere she spoke the words.

"You must know how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You knew, surely you must have known that I was engaged to my cousin, Robert Stonor?"

"*Engaged* to him?"

"Yes. We are engaged."

Neither spoke for a time. The scent of the flowers blooming in the lonely grounds on this side of the house, away from the dusty and busy highway, seemed to mock them with its sweetness; the clustering shrubs and trees waved gently in the summer evening breeze.

He could not speak at once, the sense of his bitter loss was too great. The setting sun streamed in upon him, lighting up his distressed face. It seemed to him that the great old fashioned clock in the hall ticked out the jeering words—

"Lost! Lost!! Lost!!!"

"Engaged!" he said, at length, with a long-drawn breath. "I did not know it. But engagements, where no love is, have been broken many times before now!"

"Hush!" cried Jessie. "Do not speak like that again. It would kill him! You do not know what you are saying."

"Kill him!"

"If he heard it, I meant. He says he trusts me."

"And you are sacrificing yourself for him!—for a fancy! Hear the truth, Jessie. You care not for Mr. Stonor, except as a cousin or a brother. Examine your own heart and it will tell you that you do not. You care for me. Yes, my darling it is Robert Edbury you have learned to love, not Robert Stonor. Your blushes, my love, are betraying it now. You—"

"What was that?" shrieked Jessie.

A low, smothered sound, half groan, half cry, had come in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to hear it twice in a lifetime. Before either could rush out Robert Stonor stood in the opening.

It was a figure never to be forgotten. His handsome fair face was distorted with either pain or anger; his pale lips trembled; his left hand was pressed with the old familiar gesture upon his heart.

"False, false that you are!" broke at length from his bloodless lips, as he seized Jessie with his right hand. "You told me you did not care for Robert Edbury! You told me—"

A pause, a stagger, and with a frightful shiver, he fell to the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but was not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the bewildered Mrs. Chassdane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at home."

He had been confined to his chamber; but, alas, he had crept out of it that evening, and came up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening room, he had gone round the shrubbery, intending to enter by the window, and had heard all.

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical men said he could not, in any case, have lived many months, if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say farewell to Miss Chassdane.

The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

"Good bye," she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—some time in the future I may come to you."

"Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling piteously down her cheeks. "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell there on the floor. We killed him! We killed him!" and she wrung her pale hands together in strong excitement.

"Stop!" cried Robert Edbury, quite sternly. "You are taking an altogether mistaken view of the truth. Ask your mother; ask any one. But you are weak and ill yet, Jessie, and the time has not yet come for me to insist on this. Let us think of him, poor fellow, as one who must, had he lived, have suffered much, and who has mercifully found peace in the rest of death."

He stood for a moment looking with a fond longing into the small, sweet face from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crystal circlet, he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she had lost that first night of their meeting.

"I found it under your window that night with the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it back now?"

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered into her cheeks once more.

"No!" she answered, looking into his dark face with tender, gentle wistfulness—"I—I don't want to recall that night, or anything connected with it. You may keep it if you like."

So he kissed her hand and said farewell. But he left a whisper behind him.

"When the roses bloom again, remember me."

A year went by, and no message came. The second year he said to himself, "Surely, she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by, and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chassdane. He was growing sick with a wild and hopeless despair, for he felt how worse than useless it would be to go, uncalled; when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart.

"The roses are in bloom and there is one for you!"

A GENTLEMANLY farmer from Onion Creek, who happened to be in Austin last week, called at the office of a distinguished Austin law firm. Both members of the firm were in, but the granger only knew one of them. "Come across the street and take a drink," said the farmer. "As soon as I put on my overcoat." "You don't need any overcoat. It's warm outdoors." "Oh, yes, I do." "What for? Puttin' on style, are you?" "No, it's not that," whispered the lawyer, as soon as they got outside; "but you saw my partner in there, didn't you? Well, if I were to go out and leave that overcoat with him, when I came back it would be in the pawnbroker's office."

A coating of peroxide of lead is found by M. C. Widemann to give cheap, perfect and durable insulation to telegraph and telephone wires.

Gunboat Service.

"Did you notice that man walk over to the curb and spit in the street?" said a gentleman. "I'll bet he's been on shipboard. There a man's got to use either the spit-kids or spit over the side of the vessel into the water. They'll stand anything but dirt in the navy, you know. How is this for a daily routine: When the bo's'n pipes up all hands in the morning they turn out, put up their hammocks, stow 'em away in the nettings, then sweep the decks. Mess-cloths are spread, and after breakfast the decks are swept down again. At 11:30 A. M. sweepers are piped and then mess-cloths are laid for dinner, after which she is swept fore and aft once more. It's done twice more, before supper and after supper, making six times a day. You mustn't think they sweep only. Not a day passes but that the decks are either dry or wet holy-stoned. A holy-stone is a big stone, flat and smooth on one side. The centre of a long rope is made fast to it, and a squad of men lay hold of opposite ends and pull it backward and forward over the decks, which have been first wet down and springled with sand.

In places that they can't reach, corners, you know, they make men get down on their knees with little sandstones, called prayer-books, and scrub 'em out. After all this, they bend the hose to the pumps and wash the sand away. Men follow with squillgees—arrangements shaped like a hoe, with a strip of rubber tacked to the edge. They use 'em to rub the heaviest part of the water off the decks. Next comes another detail with swabs. They are like big hemp horses' tails, and are swung right and left. When the fibres get well saturated the swab is wrung and used over again. Light, flat sheet-iron charcoal stoves, the under side three feet square, are then suspended by long rods to within about a foot and a half of the deck, and swung backward and forward until the place underneath is pretty dry, when they shift them to other hammock-hooks and repeat the process. This is done three times a week, and dry holy-stoning twice. On such days the sweeps are used five times. The decks are always like the driven snow, and wouldn't soil a cambric handkerchief at any time. Now you can understand why a sailor learns to use the spit kids—well, cuspidors—look here, whose spinning this yarn?

Risky Pick-Back.

Among those who gazed on the rushing waters from the suspension bridge, not long ago, was Signor Natalie. On a former occasion he had gazed upon another boiling flood, but he was not then supported by anything as firm and enduring as the mighty span of the bridge. It was the Niagara river, and the gentleman in question was carried across it on Blondin's back, when he accomplished the most wonderful and hazardous feat of rope walking in the world.

Signor Natalie is the property man of the Abbey company and he is now a venerable looking man of 62 years, although his vigor is well preserved. He speaks English imperfectly, but can be quite readily understood. He is probably one of the greatest travelers in the country, most of his travels having been incident to the profession of catering to the amusement-loving public. He traveled with Strakosch for 16 years, went over 18,000 miles in the service of Henry Ward Beecher, and was last year the advance agent of Salvini.

"I first met Blondin," said he, "in the Ravel troupe, of which we were both members, way back in the fifties. He was, I think, about my age, and was not quite so tall as I, although very powerful. I think he was about five feet seven inches high. We traveled all over the country with the troupe, and I remember we played here at what, I think, was called the old Bates theatre. Blondin's specialty was tight-rope dancing, and he was a wonderful performer. I guess there are people here who remember his performance. His most dangerous feat was to walk up a tight rope from the stage to the gallery of the theatre, the incline being very steep. Well, while we were in New York State he thought what a big thing it would be to cross over Niagara on a tight rope, so he left the troupe and made an arrangement with the railroad companies leading to the falls by which he was to give a performance there, and was to receive a certain amount on every ticket that was sold by the railroads. That was in the summer of 1861. A tremendous crowd of people gathered that day at the Falls, and it was a nice day for our purpose. I was no performer, but acted, you know, in the capacity of manager. In this particular event, however, Blondin had to carry something over on his back and as nobody else had enough interest in the affair to be willing to risk his life, or enough faith in Blondin's strength and skill to take such desperate chances, I had to do the riding."

"So that if there had been an accident the whole troupe, manager, and all, would have disappeared."

"Yes, of course. Blondin wore tights the same as rope walkers usually do, except that he had on a sort of harness, so that I could reach around his neck and get a good grip without choking him, and so that I could stick my legs through a pair of things like slings, and cross them in front of him, without interfering with his arms or legs."

"How much did you weigh?"

"More than I do now—about 165 pounds, I think."

"Did he carry a balance pole?"

"Oh, of course. That was more necessary with me on his back than if he was walking by himself. He carried an unusually heavy pole—had to, you know, I think it weighed either seventy-five or one hundred pounds."

"The entire weight he carried was about 250 pounds?"

"About that. The rope was stretched across the river about where the new suspension bridge now stands—much closer to the falls than the old bridge. Blondin was very confident and firm, but of course we both knew it was a desperate chance to take. He walked first very slowly and regularly, but feeling more settled, he made occasional stops, stood on one leg, kissed his hand to the crowd, and did a few other such things as you have seen other rope walkers do. I could see the water way down under us and the crowd on either side, everybody watching us with faces which looked as if they were suffering. There was no cheering or applause while we were out over the water, and the roar of the falls, which seemed only a few yards away, would have prevented us from hearing very plainly, even if there had been. It was a terrible few moments to me; more so to me than to Blondin, because he was used to that kind of danger and I was not. I did not move a muscle for fear of tripping him, and I can assure you, I felt mighty good when we reached solid ground again and the people began to yell and shriek and wave their handerchiefs. You can form some idea of how big the crowd was, when I tell you Blondin received $2,000 for the performance. That gave us a big start, and not long afterward we went to London. Just before we started a young man we had hired as our treasurer ran off with $2,000 of our money, and left us little except our tickets to travel on. We had hardly reached London before we were offered £150 each for twelve performances at the Crystal Palace.

"In a couple of years he had made nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and when I left him, after six years of business, he was a very wealthy man. He suffered once in a bankruptcy affair caused by a corner in wines, but still has a fine fortune, and lives in splendid style. I dined with him when in England last."

A Famous Steamboat Engineer.

There have been many fast steamboats built during the past forty years, and the result has been many fast trips by them; but no event during that period has served to detract in any degree from the fame acquired by the Duke of Orleans, which, in May, 1844, ran from Cincinnati to New Orleans in three days and twenty hours, and came up again in five days and eighteen hours. To belittle her performance, it has been said that she was a small boat with powerful machinery; that she carried all of the steam that it was possible to generate in her boilers, and that she did no way business; but the fact remains that forty years have rolled by and no boat has equalled her performance. Upon her return trip she left New Orleans on Sunday, May 26, at 11:10 A. M., according to the Cincinnati standard of time, having on board for fuel thirty-six cords of pine wood, thirty-five cords of cotton and cypress woods, two hundred bushels of coal and thirty-five barrels of rosin. To fully realize her great speed it must be borne in mind that she wooded from the bank, which consumed much time, and that she made landings at Vicksburg and Memphis for business, and was detained some hours at the canal. Since that remarkable trip no boat has exhibited extraordinary speed on the lower Ohio or Mississippi rivers without being forced to suffer by comparison with the Duke of Orleans, and thus the incidents of her great performance are kept fresh in the minds of all, but it is proper that the foregoing remarks should introduce intelligence of the death of Isaac West, chief engineer of the Duke of Orleans when she made her famous run, who stood at the head of his profession at that time, and to whose devotion to duty may be partly attributed the wonderful performance of the boat. Of all who were aboard during the trip but two are now alive—namely, Eli W. Cunningham, who was her second clerk and is now the senior partner of a firm in this city which does a large business, and Dawdon Cockayne, who was a passenger and is now residing in Kentucky thirty miles back of Newport, the latter figuring conspicuously in an incident of the trip which illustrates Mr. West's devotion to duty heretofore noted. At one time steam was escaping from the safety-valve when steam was precious, and the sound annoyed Mr. West. Pigs of lead were suspended from the valve by a cord, and Mr. West slightly jerked the cord to tighten the valve. The cord had been scorched and weakened, and the sudden pull caused it to break, and one of the pigs of lead fell on Mr. West's foot, severing a toe. The acute pain and the oozing of blood induced him to call to his assistance for a time Mr. Cockayne, who was also an engineer, to handle the throttle valve of the engine until he could again stand on his feet, but Mr. West declined to leave the engine-room at any time. He was a man of extraordinary physical strength when young, and was at one time a wealthy man, but his nature was more generous than his purse would admit. One of his acquaintances said of him: "He was big-hearted and liberal, of which there are living witnesses. He kept many a poor family from freezing, and there are well-to-do people to-day who owe all that they now own to the liberality of Isaac West, a liberality which made him poor, and some of these people have passed him by in later years without recognizing him."

Mr. West was twice married, and leaves two sons and three daughters by his first wife, who was an adopted daughter of Grandmother Hudson, a lady whom the hot weather of two or three years ago so much affected that she died at the age of 95 years, after having brought up a large number of adopted children. His second wife was a Mrs. Shaley, who died about a year ago, after which Mr. West made his home with his son-in-law, Mr. Eli Ganit, No. 583 East Third street, until his death from heart disease, which had caused him to be ill several months. Had he lived till the 12th of next June he would have been 76 years old. About fifteen years ago he retired from business entirely.

MANY farmers leave their implements out all winter instead of housing them, and then complain because their lot is not a happy one.

DRYING UP COWS.—Should dairy cows be dried off, or should they be milked up to calving time, if they are disposed to yield milk up to that time? To answer this question pat, yes or no, would only betray the ignorance of the speaker on the subject of dairymen's practices and prejudices. We know of no subject that needs intelligent airing at the meetings of our dairymen's association this winter as this. It is well known to all that no matter how great may be the flow of a cow's milk when she first calves, if she goes dry too soon she will not prove a profitable milker. Indeed, most dairymen would be surprised if they would only test the question as to the yearly yield of the two cows that yielded the most and least at the time of calving. This could be approximated by keeping the dates of dropping calves and going dry of the different cows in the herd, with their various yields weighed and recorded.

What we started out to say was that the strange part of the subject relates to the practices and prejudices of dairymen. In the country we find farmers almost universally drying up their cows with the fear of hurling them if milked up to calving time. Near the cities, where milk is sold to consumers, no attention whatever is paid to the time a cow is due to calve. She is simply milked as long as she will give it, and sold if she goes dry too long before calving.

Breeders of dairy cattle who handle high-priced cows are in grave doubt on the subject of drying off. They all know it is a dangerous practice if not done with care and diligence. If the cow is neglected and forms milk in her udder that is not drawn off, she is sure to suffer from the neglect, while good milkers are almost certain to give milk up to the day of calving, with a pretty general opinion that it injures the calf and creates too heavy a drain on the cow. Can our dairy expounders at the Convention lay down a safe rule to pursue in this matter? Let them try it by all means.

HERE and there on all farms and in most fruit gardens will be seen an occasional tree or grape vine which seems to lack vigor—does not grow well, and yet seems to have no particular disease. The probabilities are that the tree is dying of starvation and needs a liberal supply of food. When you give it its ration do not pile a load of manure around the trunk of a tree or the body of a grape vine. This is just the place where it will do the least good. Nearest the trunk of the tree the roots are all large. The gbrous roots, the feeders, are farther off near the end of the roots. These only can take up the nutriment. It is always safe to assume that the roots extend as far from the trunk in every direction as do the limbs of the tree, and to properly fertilize spread the manure all over that area. Then fork it in, and you have done good and done it well.

A SICK horse that cannot be induced to lie down in any other way will often take to a bed of clean, bright straw. The farmer who desires to increase the size and quality of his manure pile should use plenty of bedding under his stock; besides the increase of fertilizers for his land he will add much to the comfort of his stock. Whether kept in a stable or in yards, it should be provided with a clean place to sleep in at night and in winter, with plenty of warm, clean bedding.

THE advantage of grinding the cob and corn together is not altogether in the nutriment of the cob, but because the cob, being a coarser and spongier material, gives bulk, and divides and separates the fine meal, so as to allow a free circulation of the gastric juice through the mass in the stomach. Corn meal, when wet with plastic dough, is very solid and not easily penetrated by any liquid; and when pigs are fed wholly on corn meal they often suffer with fever in the stomach, because the meal lies there too long undigested."

INFLUENZA is one of the most prevalent diseases at this time of the year. The first stage of the disease is generally mild, and will readily yield to careful, nutritious diet, such as warm mashes, oatmeal, gruel, suitable clothing and proper ventilation. If the respiration is troubled and the extremities cold, give a sedative medicine, rub the legs with dry mustard, bandage with flannel and send for an expert.

FOR a horse that "pulls," use the overcheck with strap attached over the nose and under the lower jaw. For an extra hard-mouthed horse, use a fourring bit. Have a side-loop on the front of the over-check, so that it can be moved up and down as may be required then have the check pieces and overcheck attached to the loose rings and the driving lines alone to the large rings.

IN mulching do not put the material on too thick, as two inches are sufficient except on wet soils. It should not be done too early, as it is best to let the ground become frozen first. The object of mulching is not to keep away the cold, but to prevent thawing, which dislodges the plant.

A BRITISH writer says that when a Cochin hen laid two eggs one of his Leghorns laid four, and that in the production of these two eggs twice as much food was consumed as in obtaining the four. He adds that three of the Cochin hens would eat as much per day as a 4-months pig.

SEEDS.—A correspondent recommends the curried-oil hair of a horse or cow to cover the surface of pots or boxes in which seeds have been planted, as retaining moisture as well as paper, cloth or moss, and neither requiring removal when the seeds sprout nor baking from watering. It keeps warmth, also, and is a superior fertilizer withal.

IF your double team did not work to suit you to-day, one crowding to the pole while the other would pull his head to one side, see that the reins are right, and in hooking them to your wagon to-morrow put the off horse on the near side.

A BOARDING-HOUSE keeper was surprised to see one of her boarders one morning take the butter from his plate and knock it around the table with his fork. "What are you doing that for?" she asked. "Madam," replied the boarder, "this butter is so very strong that I find it necessary to weary it a little before eating, or it would knock out my stomach in the first round.

A Mason's Affair.

I have been troubled for a number of years with kidney and bladder difficulty; at times have suffered a great deal with the weakness caused by the inflammation and intense pains in the back and loins. I tried many medicines that were recommended, but none of them seemed to reach my case until one day I related my case to one of our druggists here in Auburn. Mr. Smith was very urgent that I should try Hunt's Remedy, for he knew of many who had used it with wonderful success. I purchased a bottle and used it, and found a great deal of benefit, and commenced to improve rapidly, and the pains in the back were relieved. I gained strength and vitality, and after using four bottles I have been completely cured, and have recommended it to others, and give this statement voluntarily, believing that, from my own case, Hunt's Remedy is all that is recommended, and you can use this as you choose for the benefit of the public. WILLIAM C. CLARK,
Mason and Builder, 83 Van Anden St.
Auburn, N. Y., June 3, 1883.

Brown's Case.

Mr. WILLIAM E. BROWN, of Gardiner, Me., on May 16, 1883, forwards the following statement of his severe illness and the means by which he was cured: "I have been afflicted with indigestion and liver disease for a number of years; everything that I ate distressed me, my stomach and bowels were very weak, and I suffered severe pains in my back and loins. I used many medicines that were recommended from time to time, but found no relief until I tried Hunt's Remedy. I have used but one bottle, and I have experienced such a remarkable improvement in my condition that I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who are in need of a sure cure for kidney or liver diseases.

WHY, old boy what's the matter with you? You look as if you had lost your best friend." "Do I?" was the reply. "Well, I haven't. On the contrary, I have just gained a friend." "You don't look like it." "I know I don't. You see, last night I asked little Miss B—to marry me, and she said she would always be to me a very dear friend."

A Fight with Fate.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A STALWART ENGINEER.

One disease produces greater derangement in the system than all other complaints. Yet people will not heed the daily warnings of its approach! Peter Lawler, Dalton, Mass., an engineer, about fifteen years ago had a dull pain in his right side. It finally felt as if a knife was run through his back and loins. "For weeks," he says, "I was unable to leave my bed, and when I did I was a wreck. My fluids were thick, frequently interrupted in passage, tinged with blood, and great pain succeeded successful passages. My back ached with agony. Sleep was impossible. The only relief I got was from morphine. Of seven physicians, one said I had malaria; another, nervous prostration; another, inflamed spleen; another incurable kidney disorder. But, under the treatment of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., I passed large quantities of dissolved gravel, and to-day all my kidney disorder has ended. I have no gravel colic, my appetite and strength have returned, and I am a sound, healthy man." Kidney disorder (which thousands have without knowing it) may be suspected if you have pain in making water, backache, sharp pains in the loins (caused by gravel) frequent headache, fluids, dark-colored and scant, or light-colored and abundant, and covered with froth, or filled with sediment, and very odorous. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy ($1.00 a bottle) is purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, pleasant to take, and cures in ninety per cent. of cases.

"O, AMY," said the High School girl's friend last night, "you ought to have seen me catch on to Gus's arm yesterday." "My dear replied the High School girl, "after your studies of anatomy have further progressed, you will not say 'catch on to his arm,' but 'I grasped his humerus with my phalanges.'"

The Wrong Side of the Meridian.

On the down hill side of life, which an old medical writer quaintly terms "the wrong side of the meridian," when the functions decay and the frame gradually bends under the weight of years, the system requires to be sustained under the burden imposed upon it. Innumerable physical ailments and infirmities then press upon it to which it had been in earlier life a stranger. The surest and pleasantest support and solace of declining years is found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, long recognized as the most wholesome and agreeable of diffusible stimulants, the most potent of tonics and alteratives. The aged and infirm may place implicit confidence in this invigorating elixir, which not only checks those maladies to which elderly persons are peculiarly subject, but in a measure retards the encroachment of time upon the constitution.

"I'VE GOT a pointer!" he gasped, as he rushed into an office. "What?" "The Great Mogul is over on Wall street." "What of it?" "Why, he must have gone down to peg up his stocks. Egad! I'll risk a thousand on it." Next day the same individual entered the same office in a limpy condition, and in a husky, far-away voice he announced: "Got another pointer." "Well?" "The Great Mogul came down to pull out the pegs!"

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief; complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

THE London *World* finds "humor embalmed in the pages of Webster's dictionary." We should think an editor whose humerous reading has been confined to the London comic weeklies naturally would—by comparison.

Phœnix Pectoral breaks a cold and stops cough. 25cts.

WILMOTT wrote: "Every year carries away something beloved and precious into a soft and visionary twilight." This is very true; every year about this time we look for our rubber boots and find they are gone—given to some tramp.

"ITS effect is immediate on heart Disease." Said of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. druggists.

WOUNDS and hardships provoke our courage, and when our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are commonly at the best.

DON'T you think," remarked Mrs. Bullion settling herself into a new Eastlake chair, "that after the mint of money we have spent on our viller, there is still something lacking?"

"You are right about that," answered Mr. Bullion, "and I think I know what the trouble is. With all our fine furniture and brick back, and sich things, the walls are as bare as a sawmill. Now, maybe, you see where the lack comes in!"

"Goodness gracious! so I do. Why, we've forgot all about the pictures."

"Jes so. What we want is paintings—oil paintings. I saw some advertised to-day for sale at auction and it's mighty lucky we thought of it in time, fur these artist fellows are mighty high-toned about prices, you know."

"But is this a good time to buy?"

"Couldn't be better, my dear. They are all painted in oil, the advertisement says so, and I see by another part of the paper that oil is cheaper than it has been for a year past, I'll rush down and grab the hull lot."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A resident of Peekskill, N. Y., has patented an improved baking pan, for baking breads, meats, etc., in a more perfect manner. The pan is of sheet iron in the usual shape, and to the bottom and ends a sheet iron strip or thin cast-iron plate is riveted, to support the pan so that the bottom will not come in contact with the hot stove plate and the contents of the pan will not be burned. A specially contrived and supported hinge cover is also provided for.

IT stands to reason that an oil that cannot be made rancid, and one that has the greatest solvent and penetrating powers, while free from all irritating properties, would make the finest hair oil in the world Such is Carboline.

AN Austin attorney, who had many times sent away an impecunious client with equivocal answers regarding his case was one day disturbed under a press of business by the aforesaid client walking into his office. "You here again?" said the lawyer, impatiently. "Yes," answered the client, "You told me to come back another time." "Well, then," retorted the attorney, "I didn't mean this time. I meant some other time."

I have been very much benefited by a 50-cent bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. When I began using it my Catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since to amount to anything. Please send me two more bottles. —John H. Summers, Stepney, Conn.

A COUNTRY clergyman who recently preached in Austin church is an admirer of the writings of Charles Dickens, and quotes from his novels almost as often as he does from the Bible. He surprised his congregation by winding up a gorgeous peroration with: "It is thus you see, my brethren, as the Scriptures say, 'Barkis is willin' but the flesh is weak,'"

The Testimony of a Physician.

James Beecher, M. D., of Sigourney, Iowa, says: "For several years I have been using a Cough Balsam, called Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and in almost every case through my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles since the days of my army practice, (1863) when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky."

Supiness and effeminacy have ruined more constitutions than were ever destroyed by excessive labors. Moderate exercise and toil, so far from prejudicing, strengthens and cosolidates the body.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Next to clothes being fine, they should be well made, and worn easily, for a man is only the less genteel for a fine coat, if in wearing it he shows a regard for it, and is not as easy in it as if it were a plain one.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging Irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-paiba." $1.

He that hath scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well weigted, he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

To abound in all things, and not to know the right use of them, is positive penury.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. Price, 35 cents

OLD potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator. Just what name implies, Cathartic, Tonic, Reliable.

THE yolks of eggs bind the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush.

Beware of the incipient stages of consumption. Take Piso's Cure in time.

To remove dust from a stovepipe rub with linseed oil, a little of which goes a long way. Build a slow fire at first until it is dry.

A SON of ex-Secretary Blaine is a rail road freight agent; another son is his frater.

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself I shall to-day be uppermost.

It goes to the mark is the verdict on Heart Disease of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. druggists.

The knowledge of courtesy and good manners is a very necessary study.

Three-fourths of civilized humanity cherish their little private idolatries.

ST. BERNARD

VEGETABLE PILLS
TRADE MARK.

The pills are warranted to be **PURELY** vegetable, free from all mineral and other poisonous substances. They are a certain cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, and all diseases arising from the

Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys.

They remove all obstructions from the channels of the system and purify the blood, thereby imparting health, strength and vigor. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps by

P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO.,
83 Mercer St., New York,

Sole Manufacturers of ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.
Send for circular.

357

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure Cure for Nervous Weakness, Nervousness, Epilepsy, etc.
INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER FOR NUMBER ELEVEN of "THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY CALL." It contains a list of valuable Premiums *to be given to every yearly subscriber.* See our THREE PRIZE PUZZLES, the first solvers of which will receive **$25, $15,** and **$10** respectively. If your newsdealer is out of NUMBER ELEVEN, send us your address, and we will send you sample copy free. Address
ROBERT S. DAVIS,
Proprietor of "THE WEEKLY CALL,"
Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address,
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

INFORMATION IN REGARD TO
FREE EXCURSION
Rates to Texas, Arkansas and California.
Pamphlets, etc., describing lands for sale can be had by addressing J. J. FOWLER, East. Pass. Ag't, Utica, N. Y.; J. D. McBEATH, N. E. Pass. Ag't, Boston; D. W. JANOWITZ, S. E. Pass. Ag't, Baltimore, Md.
H. B. McCLELLAN,
Gen. East. Pass. Ag't Mo. Pac. R. R., 243 Broadway, N. Y.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail.
E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

TO MOTHERS
Is your child fretful? Does it pick its nose, start in its sleep, and grind its teeth? If so, it has WORMS, and you should use
CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP
AT ONCE. SAFE and EFFECTUAL in its action. 25c. a bottle. Druggists.

TO SPECULATORS.
E. LINDBLOM & CO. 5 & 7 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.
N. G. MILLER & CO. 56 Broadway, New York.
GRAIN AND PROVISION BROKERS.
Members of all prominent Produce Exchanges in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee.
We have exclusive private telegraph wire between Chicago and New York. Will execute orders on our judgment when requested. Send for circulars containing particulars. BODT. LINDBLOM & CO., Chicago.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up Clubs for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees**, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

A BLESSING TO WOMEN! Send stamp for sealed information to D., Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY that change from a fair, fresh, laughing spirited girl to a faded, drooping, tired, melancholy woman? Why that worn and jaded look in the young mother, who was so beautiful and hopeful only a little time ago, at the altar? Why grandma's swelling feet, headache, backache, sidenches, and general MALAISE? Was it not her wet feet—getting up too soon or something else which interfered with the laws of nature? Don't you know that Dr. Lutze's Specific for Women will positively cure these and all kindred troubles of girlhood, womanhood and motherhood, $2.00. Druggists or by mail. Lady agents wanted. Liberal terms. Address BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Lutze may be consulted free at office or by letter.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.
From Am. Journal of Medicine:
Dr. AB. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free, to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address We advise any one wishing a cure to address
Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

ARE YOU WEAK? Send five 3c. stamps for a sample that will cure you. RED FIELD TONIC POWDERS, 149 Tompkins Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

RUPTURE
Cure Guaranteed in all cases by Dr. J. B. Mayer. Under his treatment ease is at once obtained and persons can attend to their business immediately after treatment. Examination free. Send stamp for pamphlet. Main office, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Will be at the Keystone House, Reading, Pa., every 30 days; Saturdays, Hershey House, Harrisburg, Pa., 5th and 6th; St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 7th and 8th of each month.

DUELMOR'S RHEUMATINE GOUT AND LUMBAGO
R. G. is the quickest, pleasantest, surest and best remedy for kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and blood diseases, and only real curative ever discovered for acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. Has cured hopeless cases Bright's disease and dyspepsia in 7 weeks—all forms of rheumatic disorders in 2 to 15 weeks—relieves inflammatory in 1 day. Can refer to hundreds of people cured who had tried in vain everything else. Purely botanic, harmless, and nice to drink. Ask your druggist to get it; if he declines send to us for it—take nothing else. Elmore, Adams & Co., 165 Williams St., N. Y.

VISITING CARDS, Bevel Edge, plain and mounted, imported Embossed, Border, Society, Satin Fringe, Birthday, Love Series, etc. Sample book, 25c. Specimen pack 10c. SEA SHORE PRINTING WORKS, East River, Ct.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES ASTHMA.

A LADY artist, who had painted a smiling cherub on her canvas, remarked to a gentleman observer: "Do you know, sir, that with one stroke I can change the smiling boy into a weeping one?" "That's nothing," said the gentleman, "At home, when my boy makes too much of a racket, I can, with one stroke of my cane, make him weep, and howl, too, instantly."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a *cure-all*, but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women, 96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE brilliantly colored sunsets and sunrises we are being treated to may be gotten up to give Christmas-card manufactures some new ideas and suggestions. As artists the chromoists cannot yet excel Nature.

"Accept our Gratitude."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir:* Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude. Yours truly,
HENRY WHITING, Boston, Mass.

SOMEWHAT so himself; "Can you tell me," asked a Cortland man of his tailor, "how you came to get this coat so tight?" Oh, yes, sir. The fact is, you were tight when I measured you."

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

CLARA MORRIS states that at one time she occupied the position of leading lady for thirty-five dollars a week, at that time she was supporting her mother. She neglects to state what her mother was playing.

"The simple inherit folly, but the prudent are crowned with knowledge," said Solomon. Compare the man, who after exposure to bad eating, bad drinking, bad air, bad exercise and bad habits generally, and finds himself with tongue coated, foul breath, headache, constipation and no appetite, and allows these disordered functions to drift to disease and the doctor and perhaps death, with the prudent man, who nips all these symptoms in the bud by timely use of the good old remedy of the ancient fathers, "St. Bernard Vegetable Pills."

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.

DOES Dr. Elmore, 165 William street, N. Y., intend to starve all other physicians? His Rheumatine-Goutaline cures almost everything and he has reduced prices to $1.50 for 35-oz. and $1 for 21-oz. bottles. Expressed.

The earth's magnetic pole, according to a recent lecture at Glasgow by Prof. Thompson, is now more than 1000 miles west of the geographical pole, near the peninsula at Boothia Felix, the most northern part of the mainland of North America. The magnetic pole, moving from a point to the eastward, reached the true north in 1657. Continuing westward, it reached its farthest limit in 1816. It is now moving eastward, and in 1976 the magnetic needle may be expected to point again due north.

Those who are greedy of praise prove that they are poor in merit.

Fraser Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Fraser's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

An oil for belting is recommended which consists of nine parts of linseed oil and four parts of litharge, ground in water. These, boiled to a plastic consistency, then liquefied by an addition of turpentine, furnish an oil, which, it is claimed, possesses many admirable qualities.

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

A music holder has been patented by an Oregon, Mo., inventor. It consists in a combination, with opening and closing music holders, made to shut and keep closed by a spring applied to a clamping and pivoted section or clamp, of an attached catch for holding the holder open, whereby great facility is afforded for putting in and taking out the music.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective.—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

"Is this your dog, John?" "No; he belongs to Squire Smith. And between you and me he's a deal smarter than his owner." "Yes; there are dogs of that sort. I have had several myself."

Malaria, chills, positively cured by Emory's Standard Cure Pills. Their equal unknown; sugar coated; no griping. 25c.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise or good without taking pains for it.

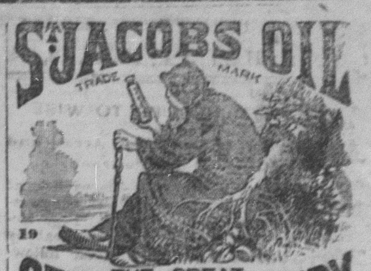
You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good 'twould do you.

"A BARON Dies a Tramp," is the title of a news item in an exchange. This is reversing the usual order of things. It is no unusual thing for a tramp to die barren—of money, friends and almost everything else.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar.

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like Magic. IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.
Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.
Germain Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

Say less than you think, rather than think only half what you say.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SAMARITAN NERVINE
NEVER FAILS.
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR
A SPECIFIC FOR Epilepsy, Spasms, Convulsions, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Syphillis, Scrofula, Kings Evil, Ugly Blood Diseases, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, Nervous Weakness, Brain Worry, Blood Sores, Biliousness, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Kidney Troubles and Irregularities. $1.50.
Sample Testimonials.
"Samaritan Nervine is doing wonders."
Dr. J. O. McLemoin, Alexander City, Ala.
"I feel it my duty to recommend it."
Dr. D. F. Laughlin, Clyde, Kansas.
"It cured where physicians failed."
Rev. J. A. Edie, Beaver, Pa.
Correspondence freely answered. Sold by The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., St. Joseph, Mo.
For testimonials and circulars send stamp.
At Druggists. C. N. Crittenton, Agent, N. Y.

SHARP PAINS
Cricks, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Backache, Sensation of Heart Disease, Sore Muscles.
Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either near or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*. Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts, it is indeed *the best pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Porous Plaster ever made. Hop Plasters* are sold by all druggists and country stores, 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Co.*, Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.
HOP PLASTER

If Coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach and fever disease cured by Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills, 25cts.

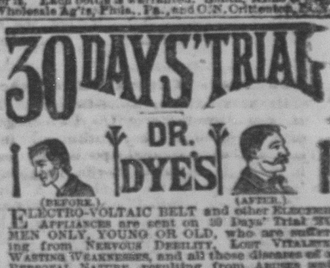
CATARRH

HAY-FEVER
Ely's Cream Balm when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleanse the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Camphor Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.
WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER
It's entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair to a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Sold by C. N. Crittenton, Wholesale Ag't, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

30 DAYS' TRIAL


ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live young men or ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

If you are Interested

In the inquiry—Which is the best Liniment for Man and Beast?—this is the answer, attested by two generations: the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The reason is simple. It penetrates every sore, wound, or lameness, to the very bone, and drives out all inflammatory and morbid matter. It "goes to the root" of the trouble, and never fails to cure in double quick time.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., March, 12, '84.

M'CARTY REPLIES TO WISE.

Comparing Him to Bob Acres, and Calling Him a Poltroon.

RICHMOND, Va., March 7.—The excitement over the anticipated fight between Congressman John S. Wise and Capt. W. Page McCarty has been wrought to fever heat by the publication in The State of the following card from McCarty:

RICHMOND, Va., March 5, 1884.

To the Editor of The State:

There is a card in The Whig this morning from Mr. John S. Wise, the object of which seems to be an explanation why he did not challenge me in answer to an article charging him with being a "subborned witness against his state," and the alleged reason is that he has given up duelling. If he had rested his case with that statement there might have been a claim to dignity in his plea, but when he calls me Sir Lucius O'Trigger I must say that the comparison could have no other foundation than his own likness to Bob Acres, whose reform as a duellist only occurred in the face of an adversary whom his excited fancy exaggerated, just as Mr. Wise does me. Mr. Wise has mistaken ridicule for what he is pleased to term "abuse," for I certainly treated his exploits as a stump speaker on the witness stand only in the light of the facts, referring rather to his intentions than to any harm that his hearsay testimony could do. Innocuous by his over-zeal against his state, and satirized by his doubtful position in a contested seat in congress, perhaps he will further signalize his reform by treating the country to the particulars of his contest with Mr. Massey, in which, during the taking of the evidence, this suddenly reformed hero of of thirteen duels on paper slapped the face of a gray haired preacher. This would be a good piece of testimony (after he had changed the record) to put upon the bloody shirt issue, and, artistically ground out by the committee, might set the precedent for introducing the blood curdling picture he has drawn of me. As to his "paying profession," this is the first that has been heard of it; and when he makes money the standard of respectability people will naturally inqire if it came by work. The people who know us both may judge of the comparative civilization of the two men, and ony others who are interested in Mr. Wise's literary compositions are welcome to his autobiography and his interesting portrait of himself, which may do for a family picture to hang in the kitchen where he receives colored statesmen. Mr. Wise says that I would be glad to get an opportunity "for some gentleman to kill him" (me). When I reach this point I should certainly not apply to Mr. Wise, and for two reasons: First, his unsupported testimony, which he himself does not believe, is insufficient to establish him as a gentleman; second, the hero of thirteen bloodless paper duels is not the person one would naturally seek to do the job. Mr. Wise's testimony is good only against himself, as an undeniable proof that he is a ridiculous little poltroon and an ass, who, not being able to wear the lion's skin, is fit for just what he is—the trick mule in Sherman's Danville circus.

PAGE MCCARTY.

Capt. McCarty's friends think he has downed Wise by this card. They claim that its dignified tone and freedom from gross personalities is in striking contrast to Mr. Wise's vituperative language. McCarty's allusion to Wise's "paying professon" means that Wise is living on his wife's money, having none of his own.

From Affluence to Pauperism.

SCHENECTADY, March 7.—On the certificate of the postmaster, Rachel Campfield was adjudged an indigent lunatic and sent as a county charge to the Middletown asylum. Her father was the inventor of much of the broom corn machinery now in use in this part of the state. For many years his inventions brought him a great deal of mone. He provided for his family in luxurious style. His daughter was brought up in affluence. Reverses overtook the father, and recently she has been living on the bounty of friends. Brooding over her poverty caused insanity and consequent commitment to the asylum.

Louisiana Politics.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 7.—At the Republican state convention twelve delegates were chosen, six whites and six black. Two resolutions, one indorsing Arthur and the other Logan, were referred to the committee on resolutions, which made two reports—a majority for Arthur and a minority for Logan. Neither passed, and the delegates go to the Chicago convention uninstructed. A state ticket was nominated, John A. Stevenson for governor, the secretary of state and treasurer being colored men.

Four Boys Thrash Their Teacher.

OBERLIN, O., March 7.—George C. Mead is a young graduate of Oberlin college, son of Prof. Mead, of that institution. In December George secured a position as teacher in the high school at Berlin Heights. He was disliked by the scholars. A quarrel arose, which resulted yesterday in four of the boys attacking him after school hours and giving him a severe beating. Mead returned to his father's house to recover. His school is vacant, and another teacher has been advertised for.

Interesting to Telegraphers.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7.—The hearing in the cross suits of the Western Union company against William G. Jones, assistant superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph company, T. J. Fahey, an operator, and Charles L. Howell, of No. 48 South Third street, charged with forcible entrance and detainer in expelling the Western Union's fixtures and operator from Mr. Howell's office, has been indefinitely postponed.

Gen. Grant Going South.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Gen. Grant has so far recovered from his recent accident as to be able to start for Fortress Monroe this week. Gen. and Mrs. Grant will leave New York by special car on Thursday evening and will be joined by their old friend, Gen. Beale, and his wife and daughter. The party will remain at the Hygeia hotel, at Old Point Comfort for a week, and probably longer, if the change of climate proves of any advantage to Genl. Grant.

Rande Ends His Life.

JOLIET, Ill., March 7.—Frank Rande, the desperado, who made an attempt upon the life of Deputy Warden McDonald at the state penitentiary last Saturday night, and who was placed in a solitary cell, last night succeeded in ending his career by hanging himself. Rande's real name was Charles C. Scott. He killed no less than five men in 1877, and is supposed to have murdered thirteen persons in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri.

A new two-horse, iron axle wagon, for sale by A. J. Grove. 6mar4t

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Appears Before the Committee in the Person of Its Agent.

The Word Monopoly Misapplied—The Struggle of the Associated Press to Build Up its Business.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, of New York, was expected to appear before the senate committee on post offices and post roads, on behalf of the Associated press, of which he is general agent. It was the desire of the committee that Mr. Smith should appear immediately after Mr. Swineford, who gave his testimony yesterday. Mr. Smith informed Chairman Hill on Tuesday that it would not be convenient for him to appear on Thursday, owing to an unexpected committee meeting of the Associated Press having been called for that day. It is now learned that the "important committee meeting" was for the purpose of discussing the recent testimony given before the post office committee by Mr. Walter P. Phillips, general manager of the United Press association. Since Tuesday an envoy from General Agent Smith has been endeavoring to make arrangements to have the committee meet at 11 A. M. for the purpose of hearing him, but the answer to the question was that it would be inconvenient to do so, and as the gentleman would be detained but a short time it would be entirely unnecessary to call a meeting at so early an hour.

Shortly after twelve o'clock Mr. Smith appeared before the committee, four members of which were present. When the committee was called to order, Mr. Smith proceeded to read from manuscript a statement in refutation of all evidence heretofore given tending to show that the Associated Press is a monopoly. "The word monopoly in question, with the Associated Press," said Mr. Smith, "is due to misinformation. The news of the association is free to all who desire it. The government," he continued, "charges rich and poor alike for postage, while the Associated Press discriminates in favor of the poorer papers." He took up the testimony recently given by Mr. Walker R. Phillips, general manager of the United Press, and proceeded to deny the statements made therein seriatim.

It was untrue that it cost the United Press as much to serve its one paper in Chicago as it did the Associated Press to serve its seven papers.

"Exclusiveness, as far as a city is concerned," remarked Mr. Smith, "is not recognized by the Associated Press."

He referred to the long struggle of the Associated Press in building up its business, and asked if it was now the intention of the committee to swoop it all away. In his opinion, if uniform rates were established, the larger papers would be benefitted and those of the second class would be killed off. At the conclusion of his prepared statement, Mr. Smith submitted contracts between the Associated Press and Western Union Telegraph company, with the understanding that at present they should be kept out of the record and not made public. After examining the documents Chairman Hill said: "These papers are not the original contracts, but purport to be copies thereof. There is nothing to show that they are true copies."

Mr. Smith said he was the custodian of contracts and would certify that the papers submitted to the committee were true copies. They were then received.

By Mr. Hill—So far as news furnished by you to the entire country is concerned it is restricted to the demands of the parties now receiving the news, is it not?

A. They have the right to elect whether they will admit new partners or not. No reasonable application is refused. There are a great many foolish people who want to start newspapers.

In answer to Mr. Wilson Mr. Smith said that the Associated Press had never sent out incorrect news.

Mr. Wilson pressed his questions to show that the Associatiated Press might send out dispatches which were incorrect.

Mr. Smith expected that the Associated Press could not mislead the public, because it represented all classes of papers in every community, hence concerted action with a view to misrepresentation of facts was absolutely impossible.

An extended colloquy took place between Senator Wilson and Mr. Smith on the subject of the constitutional right of the government to interfere with private business.

Mr. Wilson took the ground that if he bought a newspaper containing the Associated Press dispatches that he owned that paper and its contents, and could do with it as he saw fit.

Mr. Smith thought that he could use it for his personal use, but could not reproduce it.

The British Getting Ready.

SUAKIM, March 7.—The greatest activity prevails in the British camp this morning, and everything is being got in readiness for a forward movement. Scouts were sent out at an early hour to learn the strength and position of Osman Digna's forces, and skirmishers are preparing to follow. Already the artillery has been limbered up, and an immediate advance on the enemy's position has been ordered. A severe battle is imminent, as the latest information from the rebel camp indicates that Osman Digna will make a determined resistance, and is much better prepared to give battle than were the rebel forces in the recent engagement at Teb.

Graham's active preparations have caused consternation among the rebels, and the sheiks of a number of tribes are arriving here and offering submission under the terms of the joint decree recently issued granting them protection if they come in. Others are said to be wavering, and many are deserting Osman Digma.

Elections in New York State.

OSWEGO, N. Y., March 5.—The charter election yesterday resulted in the election of James Dowdle, Democrat, by 155 majority over R. J. Oliphant, Republican. The Democrats elected their aldermen in three wards and the Republicans in five. The Democrats elected their supervisors in five out of the eight wards.

TROY, N. Y., March 5.—Rensselaer county has elected fifteen Republican supervisors, twelve Democrats and two Independents, thus overthrowing the Democratic majority in the board.

HUDSON, N. Y., March 5.—The town elections in Columbia county yesterday resulted in the election of thirteen Democratic supervisors, seven Republicans, one Union and one Independent. The last board of supervisors consisted of fourteen Democrats and eight Republicans.

The Election in Ulster County.

KINGSTON, N. Y., March 7.—The full returns of Ulster county make the board of supervisors sixteen Republicans and ten Democrats. This city elected a Republican mayor, without opposition. A Democratic recorder, assessor, justice of the peace and six Republican and three Democratic aldermen were elected. The board of aldermen is a tie.

—Latest styles and best quality Sedora hats, only $2.50 at the Bee Hive.

Not extensive advertising but genuine merit has placed McDonald's Improved Liver Pills at the head of the list. The most scrupulous and exacting care exercised in selection of material; the highest chemical skill employed in their manufacture, and sold on an honest guarantee. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf

MACKEREL,

MACKEREL, — MACKEREL.

Those desiring good choice Mackerel during Lent call on the undersigned, who are considered by epicureans to carry the

FRESHEST AND FINEST LINE OF

--Unadulterated Groceries--

that can be purchased.

TURKEY PRUNES, 8c per lb,
FRENCH PRUNES, 15c " "
Evaporated APPLES, 15c " "

New Goods Arriving DAILY.

FINE TEAS A SPECIALTY,

and once tried always used

—Agents for Chase & Lanborn's—

Java Coffee

Give it a trial.

——WINTER GOODS——

in CLOTHING &c., Selling Out at

Cost, COST, Cost.

DRY GOODS & NOTION DEPARTMENT

always complete, and prices will compare with all legitimate dealers.

VALENTINES STORE Co., Lim.,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY.

FROM THE MOST STYLISH DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANYTHING COMMONLY KEPT BY A GENERAL STORE AND AT BIG BARGAINS.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

SCROFULA

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

CATARRH

ULCEROUS SORES

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 23, 1882.

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

SORE EYES

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Lyon & Co.'s Store.

SNAPS FOR YOU SNAPS FOR YOU!

OUR WAY OF SELLING OFF A LARGE WINTER STOCK AT SHORT NOTICE!

$40,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, & CAPS, &c., AT ALMOST HALF PRICE!

Read this through to the end. There is something that will strike you. Then come with your sheckles. Come soon, because we will offer things at less than we can replace them, for after they are sold, we can't pick up such bargains every day. Just some chances.

Wool Brocaded Fine Dress Goods 15 cts. a yard, Elsewhere 30c.
Another lot 8 cents a yard.

One lot of good Gingham	7 cts a yard
One lot of best Gingham	9 " "
White Bed Spreads	47 " "
Cotton Flannel	6 " "
Best Calicos	6 " "
Best Shirting	8 " "
Plaid Flannels	1 " "
Red Table Linen	18 " "
Double White Cashmeres	12 " "
All Wool Black and Colored Cashmeres	37 " "
Red Plaid Flannels	1 " "
Ladies' Gossamers	85 " "

ALL WOOL CASHMERES BLACK & COLORED, AT LEAST ONE THIRD CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE

Plaid Dress Goods	6, 8 & 10 cts a yard.
Appleton "A" Muslin	7½ cts a yard
Red all Wool Flannels from	15cts up
One extra quality Black Silk at 50 and 75 cts a yard, other places	$1 00 to 1 25
One lot extra quality Black Silk $1, elsewhere	1 50
One lot extra superb quality Black Silk $1 25, elsewhere	2 00
One lot extra heavy Superb Quality Black Silk, $1 75, elsewhere	2 50 & 3 00

COLORED SILK, EXTRA HEAVY, 75cts. IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

Colored silks from	50cts a yard
A new and superb quality all Silk Satin Rhodena	75cts., City prices $1 50
The finest quality 1¼ yard wide, all Wool Dress Cloth and Flannel, $1 per yard, same quality elsewhere	$1 25 per yard
Silk Plushes from	75cts up
Silk Velvets	1 00 & 1 25 up
Velveteen from	25cts up
Colored Blankets from	75cts a pair up
White Blankets from	1 65 a pair up
Undershirts and Drawers from	20 cts up
Ladies' Hose 4 pair for	50 cts
Children's H se 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Socks 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Wool Hose 18 cts per pair, elsewhere	36 cts
Men's fine seamless all Wool Hose	18 cts a pair.

SHOES AT HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Shoes Good Calf	$1 00 a pair
Ladies' Calf Shoes	2 25 a pair
Children's Shoes	25c, 30c. & 40 c. a pair
Ladies' Button Shoe from	$1 00 a pair
Ladies Button Shoes Finest Quality	1 50 a pair
Best quality, Warranted	1 50 to 2 00
French Kid	2 50 to 3 50

WRIGHT'S BEST ROCHESTER MAKE.

Men's Heavy Winter Pants	75cts a pair
Men's Heavy Winter Pants	$1 00, 1 25 & 1 50
Children's Suits from	1 00 and up

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats	$3 00, 4 00, & 5 00 and up
Men's all Wool suits from	6 00 up
Men's Fine Boots	2 00 a pair
Men's Heavy Boots	1 00 per pair
Boys' Boots	1 25 per pair
Ladies's Castor and Kid Gloves	25 cts per pair
Men's Castor and Buck Gloves	75 cts up

We have no space to mention all the bargains we have, but we have $40,000 worth of stock which shall go in the next 30 days at almost half price.

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

CALL ON US AND SAVE MONEY MONEY RETURNED IF PURCHASE NOT SATISFACTORY.

LADIE'S & CHLDREN'S DOLMANS, COATS, ULSTERS, CIRCULARS,

The Largest Stock and Marked Down 35 per cent from last month's Prices.

jun28 LYON & CO., BELLEFONTE PA

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the CROWNING GLORY, FORT ORANGE, EASTLAKE AND WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all stye,

MURRAY'S CARRIAGE WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a,

Where are kept on hand and for sale.

——BUGGIES,
——PHAETONS,
——SPRING WAGONS,
——&c., ——&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19dec tf LEVI MURRAY.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.

Dealer In

DRUGS, DRUGS

CHEMICALS

PERFUMERY,

FANCY GOODS, &c

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Morigages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

BOND VALENTINE,

Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission. Insures First-class Life Companies,
" " Life and Accident Companies,
" " Fire Companies.
German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2jan y

New Brockerhoff House.

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DELAWARE RIVER CHEMICAL WORKS, BAUGH & SONS,

Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1884.

To Farmers of Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen:—For over twenty-eight years we have manufactured Raw-Bone Phosphates, and our brands have become household words in nearly every section of the country. In many communities the demand of them has increased, while in others the sales have declined, on account of the preference for lower priced goods. Six years ago, finding that the demand for goods of lower cost had become almost universal, and having peculiar advantages of raw materials and manufactured favorites, we determined to meet this demand, and introduced a TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PHOSPHATE, made by a new process exclusively our own. The quickness with which this Phosphate sprang into use among intelligent farmers, will be shown by the following statement:

Of the $25 Phosphates there were sold

During 1879,	1,287	Tons.
" 1880,	3,958	"
" 1881,	5,147	"
" 1882,	8,288	"
" 1883,	10,182	"

The reports of the action of the $25 Phosphate have been satisfactory in every case from a wide inquiry. We want to be informed upon this point very plainly, as it is our interest to know if the article continues to produce good results. We will thank any farmer, having used the $25 Phosphate with disappointed results, to let us hear from him with full facts. Yours truly,

2t BAUGH & SONS.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	7.00	9.10	9.40	6.40	7.20
Lewisburg, ar.	7.10	9.20	9.45	15.0	5.30
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.05	2.10	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.12	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.27	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		10.36	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar.		11.00	.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e5.00	
Millmont	8.22			3.20	
Laurelton	8.28			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar 5.30	

	Leave Eastward.			
	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Spring Mills		5.58			1.50
Coburn		6.1			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Millmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		A.M.	4.16
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		11 55	4.15
			P.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.10	4.32
Biehl		8.00		12.13	4.38
Fair Ground		8.30		12.23	4.38
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.30	5.55
Lewisburg, lv. 6.35		8.45	2.25	1.10	5.00
Montandon ar. 6.45		ar 9.00	ar 2.35	ar 1.20	ar 5.10

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.35 P. M. and 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 6.00 P. M. and 7.25 P. M.

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A VEGETABLE GARDEN FOR $1.00.

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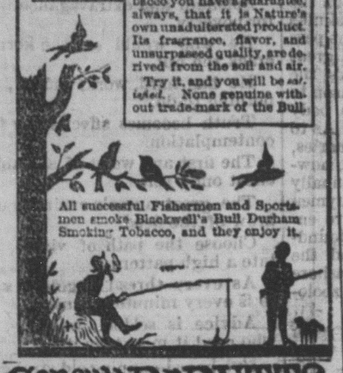

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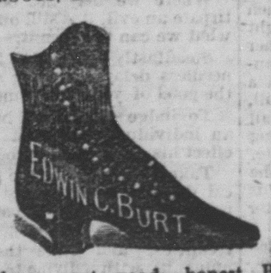

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THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

His Pen is Mightier Even Than Col. Henri Watterson.

The Scheme to Monopolize the News Collapses—Chat With a "Newspaper Thief"—Greed of the Big Dailies.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The screaming joke of the season here is Watterson's bill to copyright the news of the day. It has already demonstrated one truth which neither the members nor the country at large fully understood before, and that is that the country press really holds the balance of power. A correspondent of a western journal, who has been in the field long enough to know the workings of every congressman's brain as well as he knows the streets of the city, in confidential talk, said:

"This whole scheme is so impracticable and indeed indefensible, that it borders on the humorous. Yes, it actually jumps over the border and cavorts upon the grinning ground of the ridiculous. It's funny, because the big newspaper fish—the fellows with reputation, influence, circulation, money and all that sort of thing—thought they could do exactly what they pleased without a stroke of opposition. They were going to put the country editor in a box and put the lid on him, you see—going to do it so quietly and so gently—as big men do such things, you know—that the gallant army of country editors would never know it till it was done. It would be no trouble, you know. Nothing is too difficult to the people who have 'influence.' But they were misled as to the country editor's sagacity and sense. The first thing you know there was a storm roaring about the congressmen's ears which made it necessary for them to pause in their copyright career. They suddenly discovered that the country editors held the largest half of the field. It is their voice, after all, which says what shall or what shall not be. If they were as united on everything else as they are on this matter, they could make our government over in three or four weeks. The metropolitan editor is a great fellow, but he is not so great as he thought he was. Copyright news! Why, the idea is good enough for one of Bill Nye's funny essays! You might as well try to copyright what Mrs. Maloney tells Mrs. Martin across the back fence. And then the talk of these bumptious city editors about the country press is as belittling as it is possible to be, and yet they are afraid of them. They all steal news, steal from one another, steal from any source they can, but they call it 'enterprise.' If a country editor sits up at night with his scissors in his hand and grabs the fresh sheets and reproduces the best of the news for his readers they call that 'stealing.' I know all about both sides of the story because I've served in both capacities. I have stolen news when I was a country editor and I have stolen it since I have worked for a city paper, and I intend to keep on stealing it as long as I live. The bill will never be introduced, but if it is it will be knocked higher than Mr. Wilkinson's kite. At all events, it has already done a big work. It has shown that the country editors when they stand shoulder to shoulder, can whistle the city editor down the wind clear to the end of the last lane.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—A Washington dispatch to the Sun says: "Members of Congress from the rural districts have been hearing from the editors, especially the editors of country dailies, on the proposed news copyright law. The measure has no chance to go through the house, it is as well to say, so save further trouble. Enough members are already pledged against it to defeat it. Scarcely a representative, aside from those from the large cities, can be found who will not quickly say: 'I am under pledge to vote against the bill.' One, a Democrat, too, said: 'I believe the principle of the proposed measure is just. For the life of me I can't see why property in news ought not to be protected as well as property in any other form. But if I should vote for the bill it would be my political death.

"One Ohio editor is said to have written every member of congress from his state that every vote for this proposed copyright law would be a political death warrant. Great is the power of the country editor, and his most just of propositions will fall before it."

The Sun, in its editorial columns, declaims bitterly against the "news thieves." It is a matter of some comment that The Sun has flared up so suddenly, when its editor is well aware that the morning newspapers of New York have always stolen news from the evening papers, and the evening papers not from the morning papers only, but from the earlier editions of other evening papers. There never has been a time in the metropolis when news was not public property, and there is no daily paper here that does not steal the news. The proposed copyright law, whatever may be the pretences of its supporters, is aimed solely at the country press, and intended to cripple its news facilities. The provincial newspapers have been improved greatly of late in the quantity and quality of their news, mainly through the services of the American Press Association, which now furnishes a much larger number of dailies with news than the Associated Press, and this improvement has largely reduced the circulation of the metropolitan newspapers outside of the cities in which they are published. This is the reason why a number of the "great" newspapers are clamoring for a copyright law. But the Associated Press newspapers are by no means all agreed upon this question. The Cincinnati Enquirer, one of the greatest newspapers in the west, takes a broad and reasonable view of the matter: It says:

"A bill is pending before the house of representatives to copyright news items, or, in other words, to copyright daily newspapers for forty-eight hours. The bill was drawn by the general manager of the Associated Press, and the corporation aforesaid has an attorney at Washington to press its passage. Should it become a law it will cripple every country newspaper in the land. These papers largely depend for the news features of their weekly issues upon the metropolitan dailies.

"So far as The Enquirer is concerned, the rural press is welcome to all it contains. We want no legal inhibition against any one to help himself to the good things we offer 365 days in the year. The New York newspapers, or a majority of them, favor the proposed law. The complaint is made that the New York correspondents for newspapers in Chicago and other points west to San Francisco, by reason of the difference in time in their favor, can, without credit, telegraph all there is worth telegraphing to their respective journals. They not only can, but do. One or two San Francisco newspapers, because of this, have given notice of a desire to withdraw from the Associated Press. This is why the latter corporation favors the news copyright.

"The proposed law would be the worst kind of a monopoly. It would be withholding for forty-eight hours the intelligence of the land. It would tend to dwarf rather than enlighten the people as to current events. It would lead to endless litigation and vexation. It would be a step backward rather than forward. It is not asked in the interest of the people, and is, in fact, against their interest. It would strike at the poor rather than the rich, for the latter class are largely within the reach of the metropolitan press. When a monopoly of the intelligence of the country is centered in a circumscribed space, and kept bottled, as it were, for forty-eight hours, it is about time to give up the fast mails and the telegraph. The bill ought to be defeated, and doubtless will be."

All Hands Probably Lost.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Feb. 27.—It is feared that the crew of the wrecked three-masted schooner John K. Shaw—eight all told—are lost. The schooner lies sunken 200 yards from the shore. There is some hope that the vessel was run down by some outgoing steamer which picked up the schooner's crew. Capt. Sacien Osborn, master and part owner of the lost schooner, is one of the most prominent residents of Manasquan Beach, and an old coaster. The superintendent of the life saving stations has ordered the crews of the stations between Sandy Hook and Barnegat to keep a lookout for any bodies that may wash ashore.

The Zora Burns Murder.

LINCOLN, Ill., Feb. 26.—Last Thursday a detective delivered a satchel and valise to the turnkey at the county jail, which, it is rumored, will play an important part in the forthcoming trial of O. A. Carpenter, for the murder of Zora Burns. The satchel is said to be the murdered girl's, while the valise contains her gossamer cloak and hat. The sheriff was asked to-day for information. When pressed to tell the truth, he said: "When the trial comes off, which time is not far distant, we will show without a doubt who killed Zora Burns."

In Memory of the Victims.

MILWAUKEE, March 1.—A suitable monument will be erected over the graves of twenty-four of the 100 victims of the New hall house holocaust, whose bodies were unclaimed, and the contract for furnishing the monument according to the design of Henry O. Avery, the New York architect, has been awarded Brown, EcAllester & Co., also of New York.

Confessing a Murder.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22.—James O'Brien, one of the men arrested and committed for the murder of William J. Pugh on the night of the 19th inst., has made a confession to the effect that the fatal blow was struck by William Casey, another of the prisoners.

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GARDEN GROWTH TEAS.

Families can save about one-half by sending to us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years. THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO.

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ONE DOLLAR'S worth of our own garden growth, China or Japan Teas, sent by mail, post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid. 13feb3m

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THE SURE CURE
FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
CONSTIPATION, PILES,
AND BLOOD DISEASES.

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"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES —
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

IF It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

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ATLANTIC CITY IN MID-WINTER.

A Haven of Rest

[Recent Letter in N. Y. Home Journal.]

A mid-winter respite of a few weeks from the distractions of social life or the cares of business has come to be, in this eager, pushing life of modern times, almost a necessity. If we will not or cannot "take it easy" on the way, we must halt and make a special business of resting, and this method is perhaps more in accordance with the American tempermant.

Doubtless no pleasanter place can be found within easy reach for the enjoyment of this mid-winter respite than Atlantic City, so generously has it been endowed by nature, and so happily has man combined in this favored spot all of the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life. Atlantic City, which now numbers some several thousand inhabitants, is situated on an island bounded on the south and east by the ocean, and on the other sides by an arm of the sea. Its main exposure is southern, and the welcome rays of the winter sun bathe it in a flood of soft and mellow light. The surrounding waters are open during the year, and only in the coldest snaps does ice form on the inlet. The winds as well as the waves favor this fortunate spot. From the north, northwest and southwest the winds travel for miles over the arid and porous sands on which snow never lies, and become dried and warmed in their passage. The southern and eastern winds come in from the sea ladened with the heated vapor of the Gulf Stream, to tone down the temperature to a delightful degree. We are told by meteorologists that the Gulf Stream, in consequence of its proximity to the coast, affects the temperature more powerfully here than at any other part of the Atlantic coast. Just opposite Atlantic City the stream sweeps in landward to within forty-five miles of the shore, and the heated waters of the tropics serve as a natural radiator, tempering the harshness of this northern latitude. With all the advantages of sight it is not surprising that the thermometer conducts itself with charming propriety at Atlantic City. As winters go, it really drops below thirty-two degrees, and trustworthy observations show that a fair average for its noonday reading in mid-winter is forty-five or fifty degrees. The average rainfall is comparatively light, and the record of fair days is a smiling contrast to the gloomy showing of inland cities or less favored points on the coast.

Atlantic City is a city in fact as well as in name, a regular, all the year-round, completely equipped city, laid out in straight avenues, without stint as to width, paved, bordered with trees and adorned with handsome hotels and artistic villas. Electric lights, a line of street cars, and occasionally the blue uniform of a policeman, attest its matured municipality. The avenues and beautiful beach afford excellent drives, and the visitor has a wide field for choice among the large assortments of vehicles that await his call.

Of hotels there is an unlimited supply. There are rich apartments for the wealthy, comfortable quarters for the independent, humble lodgings for the poor. Many of the first class hotels remain open throughout the year. With this view they are adapted to use as winter homes, and are as comfortable in mid-winter as they are agreeable in the heat of the dog-days. They are heated by steam, and made comfy attractive by open grates. Several of them, notably the Brighton, Sea Side, Waverly, Berkeley and Victoria, have been thoroughly refitted since the close of the summer season. Many of them have bath-houses, where one can indulge the luxury of a salt-water bath; and well-arranged sun-parlors, where invalids or others may bask in the bright sunlight without encountering the outer air. These parlors are glass-inclosed portico, affording excellent in-door promenades. The tables of the hotels are admirably maintained; as easy accessibility to all market places the "fat of the land" within the grasp of the hotel proprietors.

In matters of health Atlantic City has an enviable record. No epidemic has ever had the hardihood to attack the people. The sanitary measures enforced by the authorities as to cleanliness and drainage are an effectual safeguard against such attacks. The drinking water, a fruitful source of seashore trouble, is brought in, fresh and pure, from the mainland. As a sanitarium for invalids suffering from those subtile diseases of the throat and lungs, and for convalescents, whose energies are wasted by protracted illness, Atlantic City is highly esteemed by the medical faculty. Physicians from many parts of the country have sent thousands of patients here ailing, to have them return hale and hearty.

Yet to those who are not invalids the place has a charm of its own. They come for rest and quiet; they get this, and what is better, renewed strength. During February and March representatives of the best society gather here in the hostelries and cottages, seeking respite from the distractions of society life. They lounge in the cosy parlors, walk or ride on the beach; acquire healthy appetites, eat with relish, enjoy music, song and dance, sleep the sweet, refreshing sleep of health, and go back to take up the routine of life re-created in mind and body.

A remarkable feature of this climate is the standing invitation it holds forth to exercise. Its mildness is not mild enough to produce languor or laziness. Bracing and inspiring in its effect, it awakens a desire for a free out-door life, a love of active diversion. And for this there is certainly abundance of scope and plenty of incentive. Rare sport is to be had in the excellent fishing afforded by the surrounding waters. Shooting, too, is good on the meadows and the arms of the sea.

A ride of an hour and three-quarters from Philadelphia by the West Jersey, or Camden and Atlantic Railroads, brings the visitor to this delightful city by the sea. Arriving here, let him dispose himself as he may, he will meet a warm welcome and find a hearty cheer.

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,

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Dealer in

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PATENT IRON ROOFING.

Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.

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COAL STOVES,
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PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!

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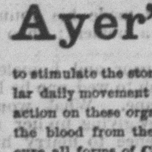
CONSUMPTION

—The Lewistown *Sentinel*, 6, says: On Sunday evening as Adolphus McNitt, residing about 1½ miles east of Milroy, was attending to his stock in the stable, a vicious mule kicked him in the stomach with both feet. He was able to make his way to the house, when Dr. Maclay was summoned, and administered to the badly injured man, but all human efforts were unavailing. The unfortunate man's great suffering ended in his death Tuesday morning. Mr. McNitt was an unmarried man, about forty-seven years of age.

The Supreme Court of this state has decided in the case of Holland vs. Burns, reported in the 4th Outerbridge, 206, just issued, that a letting of a house by parole for a certain sum per month, without anything being said about a year, constitutes a lease from year to year, as has been commonly supposed. And when a tenant from month to month holds over for more than a year, he does not become a tenant from year to year, but remains a tenant from month to month. The tenant in such cases is not liable for the whole year's rent, and is not entitled to three months' notice to quit. A month's notice to quit is sufficient. In cases of written leases of course such conditions govern the agreement as are contained in the body of the instrument.

MUSICAL SCHOOL.—The 24th Session of six weeks will begin in the Musical College, Freeburg, Pa., on Tuesday morning, April 29. For circular address, F. C. MEYER, Musical Director, Freeburg, Penn's. 5mar4t



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SHEAVES.

All day the reapers on the hill
Have plied their task with sturdy will,
But now the field is void and still;

And, wandering thither, I have found
The bearded spears in sheaves well bound,
And stacked in many a golden mound.

And while cool evening suavely grows,
And o'er the sunset's dying rose
The first white star throbs and glows,

And from the clear east red of glare,
The ascendant harvest moon floats fair
Through dreamy deeps of purple air,

And in among the slanted sheaves
A tender light its glamour weaves,
A lovely light that lures, deceives—

Then swayed by Fancy's dear command,
Amid the past I seem to stand,
In hallowed Bethlehem's harvest land!

And through the dim field, vague descried,
A homeward host of shadows glide,
And sickles gleam on every side.

Shadows of man and maid I trace,
With shapes of strength and shapes of grace
Yet gaze but on a single face—

A candid brow, still smooth with youth;
A tranquil smile; a mien of truth—
The patient, star-eyed gleamer, Ruth!

AN INNOCENT DECEPTION.

"Ah.. it is delightful! Absolutely perfect, Mr. Tregarvis! I never saw a more splendid view! How kind you were to bring me here."

A grim, rock-bound region on the North Cornish coast; inland a graceful steel-blue river, bounded by verdant pines and a stately grey house among its terraces upon the banks. The house was peculiar in its architecture, as well as its solitude; and May Probyn's blue eyes, after wandering over the landscape, came back to it.

"This is a handsome place!"

Her companion, a handsome, stalwart fellow in a miner's suit, seemed averse to replying; but his grave glance grew gloomy to severity.

"Do you know who lives there, Mr. Tregarvis?" she asked.

The young man answered the question with reluctance.

"No one at present, I believe."

After a moment, he added:

"It is called the Grange."

The girl looked up at her companion quickly.

"Our landlady told me its history yesterday." "How the owner, Squire Verschoyle, died there last year; that his only child had married against his will; that he received her child when she died, yet always hated the father, who was never allowed to see the boy, who grew up as heir to the property; yet his grandfather quarreled with him on his dying bed, and left his beautiful estate to the daughter of a brother, whom he had not seen since infancy."

The young man's grave, blonde face was a study in its play of emotions as he looked at the girl.

"Did she tell you what the quarrel was about?"

"She did not know."

Oswald Tregarvis spoke slowly.

"The father was a good, but unfortunate man. He gave up the boy with reluctance, at the prayer of his dying wife. He deprived himself of his humble but upright life he lived solitary. But when the son was of age he made himself known to him. The two men came to love each other. The grandfather had never shown affection for the boy, whose heart starved in his breast through all his youth for a little love."

The young man paused for a moment, then went on again.

"His father had been a miner in his youth. He returned to a superior branch of it in his old age, and stationed himself near his boy. There was no hope that the grandfather would relent, but this made the two dearer to each other. Then came the old man's long, last sickness. He called his grandson, and bidding him repudiate his father's name, and take his, informed him what he had made him his sole heir. The young man replied, 'In every other way I have tried to please you grandfather, but this I cannot do.' The old man may have had some suspicions—he did not name them, but his anger was terrible. He turned the grandson he had never before had cause to reprimand out of the house."

"Do you know what he did then?"

"Joined his father, went into the mines, and worked with him."

"He was very brave. The grandfather was unreasonably cruel."

The young man hurried away from the rock against which he had been leaning.

"Perhaps he came to something of that belief, for a codicil was added to his will, bequeathing the Grange to him in case of his cousin's death. But I am afraid," he added, with a quick upward glance at the lowering clouds above them, "it is going to rain; you cannot sketch here to-day."

The girl glanced up at the sky; then took up the satchel, containing artists' materials.

"I can come up here another time," she said.

The two went down the rocky slope to the road. The young man turned and looked into his companion's face.

"And now you have my history. Miss Probyn."

"I knew," she said quickly.

"Did you?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Mamma and I heard part of the story the first evening we came."

Past turn after turn of the piney, winding road they proceeded together to the old farm house at the riverside, where the two were fellow-lodgers.

It was an old-fashioned place, but full of comfort—honest and respectable—nothing more,

May Probyn and her pale mother had come there from London in search of quiet and retirement, they said, and so became acquainted with Oswald Tregarvis, who was a lodger at the farm where they took up their temporry abode.

May had never seen him in a miner's suit until that day when he had come from his work to meet her and guide her to a new sketching ground; but she thought him very handsome in the blue flannel shirt, his throat bare, and fair curls showing their crispness under the simple cap.

May ran fleetly up the old staircase to her mother's room, and Oswald went back to his labor.

He walked and worked with a musing eye, It had cost him something, stirred him painfully, to refer to his experiences. He was not in the habit of speaking of his misfortune.

His unjust disinheritance was a sore spot, which he was fond of probing. And a new thought haunted him now, which he tried to put aside; and, leaving his monotonous task, began to talk with the men about a proposed blasting of rocks, for which a heavy train would soon have to be laid.

"You'll be careful, boy—eh? Blasting is dangerous work," said a bent, little man, in a low tone, at his elbow.

"I'll be careful, father," with a rare smile. "We shall not be ready for a few days, anyway."

But when work hours were passed, the haunting thought again took possession of him. This blue-eyed girl, whom he had known but a brief month—he loved her!

After he had parted from her the truth broke upon him. How fair and sweet she was, and how fragile! Who should win must keep carefully this delicate flower, though May Probyn was far from believing herself not strong, and, indeed, had a peculiar elasticity of constitution. It was rather a tenderness and sensibility of nature, which seemed to need protection, and the fostering care of love.

Did he read aright those eyes of blue? Had he found favor in their sight?

The thought made his countenance luminous for a moment; then it grew downcast.

He was a poor and homeless man. He had no wish to wed one he loved to such misfortune. What would any woman gain by giving up her freedom and independence to marry him? He could not support a wife in comfort. He would never ask this girl to live on the wages of a mining overseer.

How lovely she was in the Sunday calm of the next day, walking slowly along the pretty path of the old garden, among the tall red hollyhocks, in a dress of simple white, with ribbons to match her eyes!

He walked by her side. The attention with which he regarded her did not discompose her. It was part of May's charm that she seemed quite unconscious of her beauty, and unaware of its effect upon others.

"Have you heard the news," she asked, "that the heiress of the Grange is going to take immediate possession?"

"I have not heard." And added, "It does not matter to me."

But something mattered. He sat down wearily when she paused at a rustic seat under an old tree.

"The housekeeper told Mrs. Lord, our landlady, that they were expecting Miss Verschoyle this week. But perhaps you do not like to talk of this?"

"I do not!" he answered, briefly.

He missed her glance of sympathy, but he felt that she pitied him; yet, she could not know how the world seemed chaos about him.

Would he had never been born if the best things of his life—affection home, wife—must be denied him. He loved this girl! he would love no other, and he could never call her his. Yet, the reticent face of Oswald Tregarvis betrayed little.

Day by day he fought his fight. This Miss Verschoyle, this unknown cousin of his—how fortunate was she!

He recollected that he would be expected to call on her. Ah, that was asking too much! Though he need have no anger against her. He had heard that she had been poor. He believed she was an orphan. Yes, she was fortunate.

Round and round went the weary circle of thought. There was nowhere relief but in the depths of toil in the mines. Physically wearied, he would spend his nights in sleep instead of thought.

At length came the day appointed for blasting the huge mass of rocks which obstructed the opening of another shaft. The task was his, and the trust an important one.

The train was laid and the locality cleared. No need to warn those who were familiar with the danger of such an explosion, but a look-out must be kept for persons unconscious of the peril.

Yet all seemed as it should be. The sure red spot was creeping up the hill on its way to the powder-filled drills. The explosion would come, and no one was liable to be hurt by the flying fragments of rock.

Gathered in knots at intervals of safe distances, the men waited for the terrible report of the blast.

Suddenly a hand grasped Oswald's arm.

"Look there, boy!" whispered old Mr. Tregarvis, hoarsely.

Oswald followed his father's pointing finger to the top of the hill.

A woman's figure stood there.

Oswald did not know who it was. He only saw that she had come over the hill from the other side, and passing, had turned to look back over the landscape. He saw, too, that the other men had come up around him.

"It's Miss Verschoyle. The Grange carriage is at the foot of the hill," he heard one say.

"Shout, boys! Call to her! Warn her off!" he was saying, as he tore off his coat.

"Oswald, my boy, you cannot do it. The fuse is almost at the top, and you have a long run," said his father, catching his arm

"Lord, yes, sir! You'd get there only in time to share her fate," said a young man, pushing his hand against Oswald's breast to enforce attention. "She can hear the callin' and yellin'. There's time enough for her to get out of the way. You'll get yourself hurt bad, sir."

It was only an instant of time that Oswald lingered, looking at the motionless figure upon the hill.

The girl wore a grey dress, and a white flower in brown braids looped up under a jaunty hat of black velvet. His grandfather's heiress! Only one little instant he lingered, but in that brief time Satan made a bid for his soul!

"She does not heed—she does not understand!" he cried, his voice breaking strangely.

Then he was off.

He was a swift runner. He had a powerful voice, too, and he used his legs and lungs with the desperation. The distant shouting had failed to attract the girl's attention; but as Oswald came across the field, she turned her head and looked at him.

In that instant his voice failed him; but his wild leaps brought him to her side.

"May! are we too late?"

His cry, as he snatched her up, was ambiguous; but she grew white.—She clung about his neck. Speechlessly he bounded down the rocks she had lately climbed so leisurely. Roots and branches snapped under his strong tread. Once he slipped, and it seemed as if they would be whirled to the bottom, but clasping his precious burden tighter, the young man bounded to the hill's foot, and springing into a cave, lost his footing at last, and fell, as the whole world seemed drowned in the voice of the explosion.

He struggled up.

"My little darling! are you hurt?"

"No, no! But you look so dreadfully——Oh, what is the matter?"

He told her.

She could scarcely be whiter, when she understood what her peril had been; but her broken words confessed her love with her gratitude.

"Sweetheart! pure soul!" he sobbed, "I am not worthy of your dear love. But a moment ago, I had the heart to let you perish. I thought you were my grandfather's heiress."

"And so I am. Dear Oswald, will you not share my good fortune with me?"

"You?"

"I am May Probyn Verschoyle. I have played a little ruse. It was a harmless one. You will forgive me. I wanted to know you, and I did not want you to hate me at the start. Come; here is the carriage; let us go and look at our home together."

How could he resist such soft beguiling? And, indeed, there was no longer any need to deny his heart.

Half a Dollar at Least.

A stranger who got into the Union depot yards, Detroit, while trying to find the railroad ferry slip, would have been run down by one of the numerous switch locomotives had not a man at work in the flour sheds seized him and pulled him off the track. The stranger was greatly confused and shaken up for a moment, but after he had taken a seat on the platform and got his breath he called out:

"My man, that was nobly done. I suppose you can make use of $5,000 in cash?"

"Well, perhaps."

The stranger breathed heavily, rubbed his arm and after a minute continued:

"Yes, I feel just like making you a present of a thousand dollars."

This was a painful reduction from his first observation, but it wasn't for the flour-roller to find fault. He brushed away at the stranger's hat to get the dust off, and as he handed it over he was informed:

"I think you would know where to put a hundred dollars if you had it, eh?"

"I want nothing, sir. You were in danger, and I pulled you away."

"But I shall insist upon your accepting something. You certainly saved my live, and I shouldn't begrudge $25."

He got out his wallet which was crowded full of bills, and as he handled them over he remarked:

"Ten dollars would buy your wife a dress, and every time she wore it you could think of me."

"Yes sir,"

The bill came out but was quickly replaced, and after a minute spent in some mental calculation, the stranger all at once handed out a $2 bill with the observation:

"Here, my man, go and get you a new hat, and rest assured I shall ever be grateful to you."

"Then it was seen that the laborer was painfully embarrassed. He shifted from one leg to another, looked up and down the shed, and when asked the trouble he replied:

"Please, sir, but haven't you any small change about you? I think a quarter would be plenty of reward for saving your life."

"A quarter? Well, considering the railroad company pays you for the time you were hauling me around, maybe that is enough. Here it is and I hope you will make good use of it. I guess I can get down to the slip all right from here, but if you happen to save my life again, you can look for half a dollar at least."

One of the Legends of Cape May Point.

There are some old reminicences of Cape May that are quite interesting to our readers; among them this may be apropos: About thirty years ago, what is now known as Cape May Point was under the control of Hon Downs Edmunds; some of his workmen found one day on the maried surface of trees peculiar signs. The signs created a great deal of comment, and finally resulted in Messrs, Enoch Edmunds, Downs Edmunds, Walter B. Miller, Alexander Jamison, Ziah Oliver and "Black Mose," making up their minds to dig for buried treasures of "Captain Kid." They found marks on trees which directed them to a certain spot, now within a few feet of Lily Lake. Mr. Miller carried the money rod. At midnight he struck what was supposed to be the money box; immediately it appeared as though pandemonium had broken loose, so hideous were the yells. Mr. Miller stood it as long as he could then said; "I can't stand this; I can't keep my hat on; let's run." They left and this wound up the search of the Cape May money hunters. Query:—Was a joke played on them?

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

He Blushes So Easily.

"But didn't you see him blush?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Don't you think he was lying?"

"No, I don't. I know he was telling me square truth."

"Do you know the circumstances?"

"Yes, and I know he told them just as they were."

"If sounded like a lie anyway."

"That is why he blushed," said Mr. Denison, for this talk was taking place in his law office just after the departure of a young man who had been sued and was seeking advice from his attorney.

"I venture to say no man has had more trouble than I with blushes, and I think I know some of the causes behind them. You may have noticed that I blush on every conceivable occasion. If a question is put to me quickly, I blush. If I meet a friend slap on the street—unless I see him some time before I reach him—I blush. If anybody speaks my name from behind or from some unexpected quarter, I blush. As much as I have been before juries, I blush every time an opposing advocate refers to me as 'the learned counsel for the defense. Hang it! I blush on all sorts of occasions, and yet I don't believe anybody would say I am an especially modest or bashful man.

"No, sir." continued the old attorney, "I have blushed and blushed all my life, and the more I blush the more I try not to to, and the more I try not to the more I blush. Above all, the meanest blush is just such a one as you saw on that young man's face just now. I know just how he felt. He knew he was telling a pretty hard story, and he could see in your face that you didn't believe him. That's why he blushed. If he had been talking to me alone he would not have blushed, because he knows I am familiar with the circumstances he related; but you looked doubtingly at him, and he feit your mistrust so keenly that it brought the blood to his face."

After a little pause Mr. Denison continued: "I never pay the least attention to blushes when examining a witness. The blush is not, as is too often believed, the evidence of a lie. Nor is it a true signal of embarrassment. I know that, for I have been told that I was blushing purple when I was as calm and unembarrassed as I am at this moment. There are many causes for my blushes; some of them purely physical, I think; but often when I am telling something—some little personal recollection, perhaps, that amounts to nothing—I get it in my head that somebody doubts some part of it. Then I blush. Then I feel that I am blushing, and I say to myself: Now he will see me blush and will be sure to think I am lying,' and that makes me blush all the more, until finally I can feel my face burn and glow like a coal, and I say to myself: 'Now he is sure I am lying, and he thinks I know he is sure of it,' and so I stand and blush because I think he doubts me until, perhaps, I really make him doubt me because of my blushes."

Sea Monsters.

The kraken is described in an ancient MS. (about A. D. 1180) attributed to the Norwegian King Sverre; by Olaus Magnus (1555); and by Christian Francis Paulinus of Elsenach (1643-1712). Pontoppidan's work was published in 1751, and Mr. Lee, supporting what he says by quotations, describes him as a conscientious and painstaking investigator, who did his best to separate truth from falsehood and exaggeration and who wrote in a modest and candid spirit. The passage which Mr. Lee quotes, and which is too long for reproduction here, contains a description of the kraken gathered from the reports of the fishermen, who had from time to time seen it; and, allowing for exaggeration, it agrees closely enough with the description of a gigantic cuttle-fish.

Pontoppidan, getting confused in his genera, showed nevertheless, some shrewdness when he wrote that "as this enormous sea-animal in all probability may be reckoned of the polype or of the starfish kind, as shall hereafter be more fully proved, it seems that the parts that are seen rising at its pleasure, and are called arms, are properly the tentacula or feeling instruments called horns as well as arms." The Bishop went on to lament that, as there seemed little hope of accurately observing a live kraken, nobody had embraced an opportunity which once occurred of examining an entire dead specimen. This opportunity he had heard of from the Rev. Mr. Friis, Minister of Bodoen, in Nordland.

Mr. Friis related that "in the year 1680 a krake (perhaps a young and foolish one) came into the water that runs between the rocks and cliffs in the parish of Alstaborg, though the general custom of that creature is to keep several leagues from land, and therefore, of course, they must die there." This fate indeed befell the young and foolish krake, which got entangled in the narrow passage and perished there. To the comments on the occurrence it is added that "the kraken has never been known to do any great harm, except they have taken away the lives of those who consequently could not bring the tidings."

Pontoppodan, in a passage, later defends the devil, since "we ought not to charge that apostate spirit without a cause," against the accusation of making floating islands suddenly appear and vanish. These floating islands the Bishop of Bergen took to be "nothing else but the kraken," Mr. Lee, having quoted and referred to various passages from Pontoppidan and other writers, goes on to distinguish in a few pages of singular interest and clearness between the octopus, the sepia and the calamary. All are constructed on one "fundamental plan," but it is the great calamary which seems to be responsible for most of the stories of the kraken and the sea-serpent. The sepia's shooting of its ink he regards as a symptom of fear and means of concealment from a supposed enemy, not as a means of ambush or of attracting fish by the musky smell of the secretion. The sepia is very sensitive, timid and intelligent, "soon learns to discriminate between friend and foe, and ultimately becomes very tame." Leaving readers to become acquainted for themselves with the details of what Mr. Lee has to tell us about the octopus (of which he says that an ordinary specimen may very well be dangerous to bathers) and its ten-armed relatives, we come to the fact that no octopus is known to have attained such a size as is necessary to account for the kraken, and which is perhaps more important, that it does not bask on the surface of the sea, but hides and skulks in corners beneath. "Sepia might pass as a microscopic miniature of the great Scandinavian monster, but lacks the attribute of size. There is no reason to believe that any true sepia has a body more than eighteen inches long. As to the existence of gigantic calamaries, there is plenty of evidence, which, however, Mr. Lee tells us was not finally accepted either by naturalists or laymen until in 1873 two specimens were encountered on the coast of Newfoundland, and a portion of one and the whole of the other were brought ashore and preserved for examination by zoologists.

The first was seen by two [illegible] men off Belle Isle, Conception bay. They took it for a piece of wreckage, and struck it with a gaff, upon which it shot out two tenacular arms as if to seize them. They severed the arms with an axe, and the creature moved off ejecting the inky fluid. They described its body as being 60 feet in length, and said that when attacked it reared a parrot-like beak as big as a six-gallon keg.

Reconstructed by Professor Verrill from the fragments preserved, the creature's body is shown to have been 10 feet in length and 2 feet 5 inches in diameter, "Long tentacular arms, 32 feet, head two feet, total length about 44 feet." The six-gallon keg beak would be about three inches long in the upper, 1½ inches in the lower mandible. About three weeks later a smaller calamary of the same species was caught in a herring net in Logie and brought ashore entire, but for the loss of its head, which the fishermen were obliged to cut off; and it is noted that they had great difficulty in dispatching it. Both specimens were preserved by the care of Rev. M. Harvey, of St. Johns, Newfoundland,

The Old Time Doctor.

The old doctor who years ago was such a great man in Arkansaw, has retired from practice. His old saddle-bags hang on the quilting frames under the shed, and his grand-children peel apples with his surgical instruments. The bones of his old horse have been used as a fertilizer by some progressive Yankee. There was a day, though, when the old man now so gray and feeble, was strong, almost as strong as the medicine he carried. His word was law in numerous households. Quinine and calomel were the only medicines for which he had any respect. When these medicines failed, it was thought time for the patients to call on a higher power for naturalization papers in another hemisphere. The lancet was a great factor. If a man was slightly ill, bleed him. If he was dead, wait awhile. Bleeding was a mania among the doctors. It raged like an epidemic. If a man had his left arm torn off, the next thing was "souce" a knife in his right arm. It did not seem to enter the minds of these "old timers" that a man needed blood. With them, flesh might enter the kingdom of Esculapius, but blood was excluded.

On one occasion a young doctor suggested to several physicians with whom he was holding a consultation that it would no doubt be better not to bleed the patient any more. The old physicians looked at the young fellow in amazement, and one of them found breath to exclaim.

"What?"

"I say that I don't think that it would be a good idea to bleed him any more at present."

The old physicians looked at each other, and sorrowfully shook their heads.

"Upon what do you base this wild assertion, sir?"

"I base it upon common sense. The patient was suffering in the first place from loss of blood, then we bled him, and now, I say, that it would be better to wait until he is able to stand another drain upon his system."

"He is hopelessly insane," said one of the doctors, meaning the young fellow.

"I don't know that his case is hopeless," one of the party replied, "but it soon will be unless immediate action is taken. He needs bleeding," and they seized him and cut a hole in his scalp.

All of these old fellows have retired from practice, with records red with the blood of their countrymen. They have not become reconciled to the new and less boisterous mode of practice, and even now, if one of them should be called upon, he would have his knife in the patient in less than five minutes.

Petrified Oysters.

Nate Lawrence has presented the natural history bureau of the Jib-boom club New London, Conn., with a curious freak of nature. It is a branch of a tree, presumably white birch, covered with oysters varying from the size of a cent to that of a dessert plate, and both wood and oysters petrified through and through. This specimen was found 20 feet below the surface of the ground, and must be taken as conclusive evidence that neither Gid. Raymond nor Mr. Morgan, of Poquonoc Bridge, have any right to assert a priority claim as inventors of the process of grafting oysters on trees. It would be interesting to these gentlemen and pisciculturists everywhere if the history of this phenomenon could be written, and even anthropologists might learn from it that there was a cycle in prehistoric time when man or ape had advanced to that high degree of civilization indicated by his acquaintance with a process which has (in New London county at least) shared with the patent chicken incubator the honor of being the great inventive triumph of the nineteenth century.

Duty cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Prejudice is the reason of fools.

Health is the vital principle of bliss.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.

If we build, high, let us begin low and deep.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

Splendor and extravagance are masks for poverty.

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

He has hard work, indeed, who has nothing to do.

Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

The great aureole encircles only the brow of the dead.

Choose the path of virtue, and imtate a high pattern,

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

I've heard cunning old strangers say, fools for arguments use wagers.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

Select a worthy object in life, and bend all your efforts in that direction.

The weakest spot of every man is where he thinks himself the strongest.

Women are happier in their illusions than in their most agreeable experiences.

Knavery is supple, and can bend, but honestly is firm and upright and yields not.

The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of the man to error.

Petty singularities are proofs of a little mind, instead of an originality of genius.

That action is best that procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of others as of ourselves.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human the latter is divine.

Sorrows are like thunder clouds; in the distance they look black; over our heads hardly gray.

If ye do well, to your own behoof will ye do it; and if ye do evil, against yourselves will ye do it.

Where we may not be able to extirpate an evil, it is still our duty to do what we can to lessen it.

Steadfastly set your face against needless delays in doing any work for the good of your fellow men.

To judge of the real importance of an individual, one must think of the effect his death would produce.

Take up one by one the plain, practical duties that lie nearest to hand and perform them as fast as possible.

A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes except those of Heaven are upon it.

Weigh not so much what men assert, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invention to apparel her comeliness.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil.

Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

Doubt has been the great discoverer. To question an old lie is usually the first step towards the truth. It is an act of heroism to dispute a moss-grown error out of existence.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to refind people and abominable to the good.

A wise and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns and strive to equal or excel them. The bad he will by all means avoid.

Try to repress thought, and it is like trying to fasten down steam—an explosion is sure to follow. Let thought be free to work in its own appropriate way, and it turns the machine, drives the wheels, does the work.

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counseled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason you will surely rap your knuckles.

The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly.

The body is a tool of the spirit, and if we keep it in imperfect condition, how shall either soul or intellect do good work with it? Happiness and usefulness are not indeed impossible without physical health; but they are of very difficult attainment and of very unreliable quality.

It is by the utmost toleration of everything that is new that the sifting process goes on most thoroughly, that what is injurious or valueless drops silently away, and what is precious developes and enters in the living present, making it all the worthier of the past which has bruoght it forth.

A MIRACLE.

At night all bare of verdure
The hill and meadow lay;
The brook 'neath bushes leafless
Went rapid on its way.

A few short hours I left them;
Lo! when I came again,
The brook, slow threads of silver,
Wound down a leafy lane.

The hill was green and shining
With turf of tender blade,
And blossoms in the meadow
A gay mosaic made.

If I had staid and waited,
And watched there day and night,
No secret of their magic
Could I have brought to light.

Oh! miracle most splendid,
Oh! magic all divine,
Of which our learned dullness
But calendars the sign.

How dare we speak it lightly,
As name of common thing,
The name of this great miracle,
The miracle of Spring.

THE RED NECKTIE.

I, Jessie Sutton, had been spending a year with my aunt in the west. As I was to return home a sister-in-law of aunt's had suggested that a cousin of hers who was also going east was jolly company—a splendid fellow and just the one for a traveling companion. I could travel to Chicago alone, and he would meet me there, and we could complete the journey together.

So aunt had her sister-in-law write to him, and it was all arranged. As I had never seen him, there was a spice of romance about the matter which suited me exactly.

But as we were total strangers to each other, how could he recognize me or I him among the thousands of people in Chicago? My aunt, good woman, instantly suggested the way. I must wear a gray jacket and he a red necktie.

"Take care of yourself, my child," were auntie's last words; after sundry injunctions as to doing this or leaving that undone, all of which hints she deemed necessary for my safety and comfort. "And to be sure to look out for Mr. ——." Here the shriek of a passing engine and the starting of the train cut short the sentence.

Then as I sank back on the seat, after waving my handkerchief in farewell, it suddenly flashed upon me that I had not heard the name, and for the life of me I could not remember it. Had I ever heard it? I asked myself. Yes, it had most certainly been mentioned in the first letter; that I was sure of; whether again I did not recollect. Aunt and I had always spoken of the red necktie, and what with hurried preparations and farewell visits, the last days had been very busy ones.

I could not help feeling somewhat blank after this discovery, until the laughable part of it struck me.

"After all," I said to myself, "it is only carrying out the romance of the adventure. Besides, the gray jacket and red tie are certain signs of recognition, and no doubt he knows my name."

So I munched my sandwiches and attempted to read by the misty light that gleamed through the windows, for it was a dismal, rainy afternoon.

At last it grew dark. Perhaps I had exhausted my store of wonderings as to what my unknown escort would be like, or I was tired of speculating about him; certainly he did not occupy my thoughts then. It was the past that stood so clearly then before me, the old short-lived romance of nearly eight years ago. Why should it crop up then? It had been so long past and buried. What has conjured it into life again?

"Chicago! Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, waking me up from the reverie that had ended in an hour's sound sleep.

It was 9 o'clock. I had to wait an hour for the train from the south. I ordered tea from the depot restaurant. There were few occupants in the room, and either the waiter had little to do or I looked helpless and forlorn. He was certainly polite and attentive; and when he ventured upon saying, "Leave by the next train, miss?" I confided to him the state of the case, and begged him timidly, when the next train came in, to look out for a gentleman wearing a red tie.

My heart did begin to beat a little faster, as the time drew near. Would he come, or had he missed the train? Should I have to make that long journey alone, after all, for now that I was so far, I should go on, of course. What was he like?

I am afraid that, however quiet and staid my outward self may have been, inwardly I felt like any 16-year-old school girl. Indeed, I am ashamed to say that I did walk across once or twice to the mirror, giving a pull here to my hair and a twitch there to my veil, and I caught myself wishing I had put on a more becoming hat. I suppose at even five-and-twenty one likes to look one's best at meeting a stranger.

The bell announced the train's approach, then I heard the engine's shrill whistle, and the bustle and confusion as the passengers alighted. The train seemed very full.

I had drawn near the door leading into the general waiting-room, so that I could watch the passengers.

My polite waiter had disappeared, seeking my red necktie on the platform.

In a few minutes I espied him at the farthest door, and—yes, actually there was an individual with a flaming red tie at his side. The waiter was gesticulating and talking most volubly, but his companion was silent. I had only time to see a tall, foreign-looking man before they came to where I was standing.

"There he is, miss," exclaimed the waiter, eagerly; then turned on his heel and left us. Exactly what I felt that moment I cannot describe. It was a mixture of satisfaction that the stranger had come, and a very distinct sort of timidity and uncomfortableness together, at the presence of that silent, long-bearded man.

I glanced at him furtively and remarked that it was very chilly.

"Yes," he assented, drawing up his fur cloak closer about his throat, and stopped as if waiting for me to proceed.

"Surely he ought to say something," thought I, "if he were only to introduce himself."

I began to wish myself anywhere but there. I looked around (we were still standing in the doorway); the little room was empty, the large one much less full.

Our evident constraint was, for the moment, ended by the polite waiter.

"Won't you have something to eat?" he asked confidentially, coming up to us; "the train starts very soon for the east."

"Shall I bring it in here?" he inquired, when the stranger assented and ordered something; "there is a nice little table where miss was seated, and he pointed toward the place I had occupied.

We moved simultaneously and took the seats.

"You are going by this train?" asked my companion, in a casual, off-hand manner.

"Naturally," answered I, somewhat surprised; did he intend doing otherwise?

"Then I shall be most happy to escort you as far as our roads lie together," was the further rejoinder, but he uttered still somewhat constrainedly "I am going to Massachusetts."

"So am I," was my answer, shyly given; his reserve was very infectious. "Did you not know that?"

"How should I?" and he half smiled.

I saw then that he had beautiful teeth, partially hidden, as was indeed the entire lower part of the face, by the thick moustache and beard.

"The waiter brought him his steak, and we both sat silent; he occupied with his supper, I with all sorts of misgivings and conjectures.

I was put out with myself, auntie, with auntie's sister-in-law, and with my escort himself. Were we going to travel together all that way in this most uncomfortable manner? Nothing would have pained me more than any diversion of his from the gentlemanly courtesy due to a lady, but there was a peculiarity about his constraint that puzzled me. After all, though a stranger, he was a half connection and might well have been friendlier, more especially as he must have noticed the effect his manner had on me. If I had only known his name! Somehow I fancied this would have placed us on a pleasanter footing. Then his last remark! Had no one told him my destination?

The second hour of waiting seemed to me far longer than the first, and I was glad enough to find myself—with my companion, of course—in the eastern-bound train, which quickly sped away.

My ideas of the romance of such a journey had now entirely collapsed; anything more prosaic was hardly to be imagined.

There we sat, a young man and a young woman who, to judge from all appearance, wished themselves anywhere but where they were. As for myself, I may safely assert that I never experienced a more awkward situation.

"Pretty name, Jessie!" said my companion suddenly. Now, with the exception of a few sentences in the waiting room and the most trivial courtesies since we started, no conversation had passed between us. Therefore the remark was welcome—besides it was reassuring. I brightened up. He did know my name (that he had my traveling-bag—on which I had engraved "Jessie"—in his hand at Chicago never occurred to me). "I knew a Jessie once," he repeated, as I turned a half-smiling face toward him.

He might have known a hundred for aught I cared; it was only the opportunity of learning his that interested me, so I exclaimed quickly:

"What is yours?"

"Edward."

I sank back on the seat in thorough disgust at my failure. It was evident I must let things take their course. Be a sensible woman, Jessie, I argued to myself. What does it matter whether he be Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, providing he brings you safely to your destination?

My companion had, however, noticed my discomfiture, and it amused him, I could see by his smile. But his translation of my vexation was an incorrect one.

"I am sorry 'Edward' does not meet with your approbation.

"Oh, dear, no! It is as good as any other," I rejoined carelessly. Once I had pronounced it a horrid name and flatly refused to call some one by it. But the past had gone back in shadowland. The present fully occupied me.

A pause, in which I was tacking on every surname I could recollect to the Christian one I had just heard. Then a bold stroke occurred to me—what if I addressed him at a venture?

"Do you attach luck, good or ill, to a certain name, Mr. ——?"

"Edward," finished my disconcerting vis-a-vis before I could bring my lips to utter Jones or Smith. How I should have liked to have boxed his ears, unladylike as it sounds. "If you mean that I believe all Tommys must of necessity be good, and all Harrys bad—no Miss Jessie."

Was he teasing me, and doing his part of "hide" better than mine of "seek?" I could not decide. For a few moments I sat stupidly silent, then made even a more stupid remark, and thought what a fool I must appear to him.

"Why did you not ask my name outright, Miss Jessie, instead of beating about the bush?" asked he of the red necktie, after a pause.

Did I hear aright? I all but jumped up, as I took in the purport of the question. The color mounted to my temples; fortunately my veil hid it partially.

He had misunderstood me willfully. Why should he? Surely my curiosity was a pardonable and natural one under the circumstances. I resolved he should not have the best of it—let him keep up the silly mystery as long as it pleases him.

The desire to unravel it had evaporated with the desire to make it appear to him as if there had been none, at least so far as I was concerned.

"Why should I try?" trying to speak unconcernedly; "one does not usually travel with or be escorted by a gentleman whose name one does not know."

He gave me a curious, searching look.

"And yet you never saw me before this evening," he said slowly, keeping his eyes upon me.

"Nor you me," I returned. "But that has nothing to do with the case."

"A great deal, I should say," was the answer, accompanied by a provoking smile.

What did he mean? I opened my lips once or twice to ask him to be more definite but shut them again in the fear that for some inexplicable reason or other my companion would keep up his mysterious manner.

For hours neither of us said a word. I closed my eyes but not a wink did I sleep during the longest, weariest night of my life.

At length the dawn reddened the east. The rain had ceased, the skies had cleared, and as I turned and opened my window, I noticed that the air had the pleasant coolness of an early autumn morning. I threw back my veil, the better to inhale the fresh air.

"Good heavens!" was the early morning greeting of my strange companion, as he quickly started up and then seized hold of both my hands.

"Don't you know me, Jessie?" he exclaimed.

The daylight fell upon his face, showing it very tanned. This I noticed; but this was all. Indignantly I drew my hands away.

"How dare you?" I began; then overcome with astonishment and mortification at the sudden change of behavior, I covered my face.

"Jessie I am Nelville Tracy—Edward Nelville Tracy."

My heart stood still for a moment. I scarce know if the sensation I experienced was due to doubt or surprise. Then I scanned my companion narrowly. Recollections came slowly back. With me recognition was not at all as it is usually depicted in novels. Where was the boyish face that had been before me in my reverie only last night? He had left me a slight, fair young fellow; now a sunburnt, bearded man claimed his name.

How long it was before I could quite convince myself I was not dreaming, nor he deceiving me, I could not say.

There was so much to explain, so much to relate—the wherefore of our parting has so little to do with this story, that I pass it over—that we forgot the singular trick of fate that had brought us together again. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that we should be going home together. And when the riddle was unraveled, it was, of course, a simple one. He had thought he was going to have a very nice little adventure when the waiter pounced down on him in mistake, and manlike, was nothing loth to follow it up, not recognizing his former love until I threw back my veil.

Well, eight years had altered me somewhat also. The reason of the non-appearance of the right (or wrong?) escort, I learnt soon after in a double letter of apology from aunt's sister-in-law and himself. He had missed the train, and arrived in Chicago several hours later.

I have traveled often enough with my red necktie since then, but he positively declares that was the pleasantest journey he ever took with me, because it ended so happily. And all's well that ends well.

A MICHIGAN girl told her young man that she would never marry him until he was worth $100,000. So he started off with a brave heart to make it.

"How are you getting on, George?" she asked, at the expiration of a couple of months.

"Well," George said, hopefully, "I have saved up $22."

The girl dropped her eyelashes, and blushingly remarked, "I reckon that's near enough, George."

The Gift of Small Talk.

There are people who have no other talent, whom we never call clever, but who do possess this instinct, and who can talk most sympathetically, while knowing scarcely anything about the individual addressed. There are others who are deficient in this gift, who can only say "Really," and "Indeed." These "Really" and "Indeed" and "Oh" people are the despair of the dinner-giver. The gay, chatty, light-hearted people who can glide into a conversation easily are the best of dinner-table companions, even if they do sometimes talk too much about the weather and such commonplaces.

It is a good plan for a shy young person, who has no confidence in her own powers of conversation, to fortify herself with several topics of general interest, such as the last new novel, the last opera, the best and newest gallery of pictures, or the flower in fashion; and to invent a formula, if words are wanting in her organization, as to how these subjects should be introduced and handled. Many ideas will occur to her, and she can silently arrange them. Then she may keep these as a reserve force, using them only when the conversation drops or she is unexpectedly brought to the necessity of keeping up the ball alone. Some people use this power rather unfairly, leading the conversation up to the point where they wish to enter; but these are not the people who need help—they can take care of themselves. After talking a while in a perfunctory manner, many a shy young person has been astonished by a sudden rush of brilliant ideas, and finds herself talking naturally and well without effort. The best way to learn how to talk is, of course, to learn how to think; from full wells one brings up buckets full of clear water, but there can be small talk without much thought. The fact remains that brilliant thinkers and scholars are not always good talkers, and there is no harm in the cultivation of the art of conversation, no harm in a little "cramming," if a person is afraid that language is not his strong point. The merest trifle generally suffices to start the flow of small talk, and the person who can use this agreeable weapon of society is always popular and very much courted.

Big Sport.

Trapping grizzly has its perils and excitements also. The trap employed is of the double spring pattern, with steel jaws, and weighs complete thirty-eight pounds. The springs are very powerful and have to be bent with levers. It is quite an art to set and place a trap cunningly, and trappers vary in their methods and are chary of explaining them. I will then pass this branch of the subject, says a writer. Let us suppose, therefore, that the hunter has made his camp in a neighborhood redolent of grizzlies, and that he has his traps set in a likely place for bear. At the end of the trap chain is a ring about five inches in diameter, and this is driven about a half a foot over the end of a heavy stick or log five inches through and six or eight feet long. The object of this "clog," as it is called, is to make a trail which can be readily followed, and to hamper the bear sufficiently to prevent his going to a great distance away before the hunter can arrive. Great care must be taken that the chain be fastened to the extreme end of the clog, in such a way that it cannot get across two trees, and so give the brute a chance to use his enormous strength to tear himself loose. Neither must the clog be too large and heavy, or the same result will follow. It may be accepted as a maxim that a grizzly caught in such a trap will eventually get loose, and ordinarily in a few hours. He is generally caught by the extremity of the forepaw, just above the claws; the hold on him is not very great: his exertions to get away are tremendous, and result in in so cutting and lacerating the foot that sooner or later he will tear out of the trap altogether. Two grizzlies that I caught got away; one who was probably taken by the claws alone leaving some hairs only to tell the tale, the other leaving a small piece of his foot behind as a souvenir. Many had all but torn themselves loose; in one case the foot was almost cut through, and only a small piece of skin the thickness of a man's little finger remained to hold the terribly infuriated monster to the much-detested clog.

The traps are set far back in dense and gloomy forests near the tangled swamps, where grizzlies love to make their lair. The ground is covered with fallen timber and travel must be afoot and is slow and difficult. The bear on being caught starts off on a tremendous rush for the swamps which is close by. Here he catches on a rotten log for a second and ploughs a path through wide enough for a cart, there he hangs on two fallen trees fifty feet long, but he hangs for an instant only, moves the great trees to one side and rushes on. Next he strikes against a tree, and in his rage turns and eats the whole side out of it, leaving the fresh white pine red with blood stains from his gums. Now he reaches the swamp and plunges deep into its recesses, venting his rage on the balsams and poplars, absolutely chewing down saplings and even gnawing them into lengths like stove wood. All this time he is slowly but surely tearing his foot loose from the trap, and surely but not slowly he is working himself up into the most tremendous degree of rage and ferocity.

When you have thus trapped a thousand pound grizzly, you have not caught a bear; you have simply caught the devil incarnate! Indeed the question sometimes is not whether you have caught the bear, but whether you have not given him a first-class opportunity to catch you! Now let us see how thes is. The grizzly thus caught, and thus worked up into the most formidable ferocity, has to be followed up afoot, first through a dense forest, and then carefully and laboriously into the heart of a tangled swamp, where one cannot see ten steps ahead, and where, if the monster should suddenly rise directly in front and charge, trap, clog, and all, retreat would be absolutely impossible. Add to this that at the time of the hunter's arrival the bear may have just succeeded in tearing his foot loose, or may have just managed to break his chain, or may have just finished eating up the clog bodily, all of which things have happened in my experience. He would then be in a beautiful state of frenzy, and would be perfectly delighted to wipe out a hunter or two if only to quiet down his nerves.

Uselessness of Blinders on Horses.

"Blinders," "originated in the pride of persons who imagined their horses presented a finer appearance. Custom and ignorance combined in perpetuating their use, so that to-day probably nineteen-twentieths of our horses are disfigured by these *worse* than useless contrivances, including multitudes of miserable, broken-down animals employed in the sever grades of labor, and which could not, from sheer weariness and lifelessness, be induced to shy, or run away by anything short of a bomb bursting in their immediate vicinity.

"The unsoundness of that logic which insists horses are less frightened by objects which are screened from their view by blinders, but which they can hear (such, for instance, as locomotives), than when they can see just what the object is is proven wholly false by the experience of all who have dispensed with blinders on their animals. It is the unseen object which most terrifies a horse. The animal who will become unmanageable when made to face away from an approaching train will quietly stand its ground if allowed to face the object. I know this from personal experience with many restless horses.

"Blinders do not prevent horses from observing each object in front and upon each side of them as they approach it while traveling upon the road, and hence blinders can only serve to prevent their seeing objects overtaking them from behind, which is an end never to be desired. I have frequently seen horses shy so violently as to nearly overturn the vehicle on being passed from the rear by a noiselessly-gliding bicycle, which fright would have been avoided had the animal been unblindered, and thus aware of the approach of the machine.

"Blinders also much diminish the beauty of a horse, the eye being one of its finest features. But the greatest objection of all is the curiosity (and injury, as well) resulting from their use. The vast majority of blinders are made nearly flat, so that they commonly press directly against the eyelashes and eyes of the horse, which causes pain to the animal, besides frequently destroying the sight.

"I strongly and earnestly wish there could be legislation to compel all horse-owners who insist upon using blinders to use only heavily convexed ones, which shall not press in the present cruel manner against the eye-lashes and eyes."

Fashionable Envelopes.

The latest fashion in envelopes is something exceptionally fine. They are made of vellum of the purest white and are bound all round with satin ribbon of some delicate color, which is tied in a knot and sealed with wax of the same shade. There is a great art in sealing a letter, and the candle, the sticking of sealing-wax, and a daintily engraved seal are now requisites of the fashionable writing table. When sealed, note and candle are ready, do not begin by thrusting the end of the wax stick into the flame and conveying it in a flaming splatter of wax to your envelope. Take plenty of time to do it. First lay the seal right to your hand, so that the impression may be square and not wrong side up. Then hold the wax considerably above the flame of the candle—not close enough to burn. A burnt wax makes a brittle, streaky seal, and is hard to manage. When the wax has gradually softened apply it with a circular movement of the hand upon the note. Rub it well around and down until you have the proper circle and of sufficient thickness. Then do not apply the seal; the wax has cooled so that it would not take a clear impression. Hold the envelope some little distance from the flame, then lay it upon your desk and apply the seal. The result should be a clear-cut impression.

Many speak the truth when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men.

Where are Your Foreheads?

It is about time some one was appointed to make an investigation on the subject and see whether the girls nowadays really have any foreheads, or whether they have all "gone off," like Pat's gun with a "bang!" A sensible writer says that men seem to wear them as they used to do. And ladies, also, of advanced or advancing years. But as I go to the city daily, and see in the streets and on the cars and ferry boats whole bevies of bright and beautiful girls, I am constantly wondering at, if not admiring, the ingenuity displayed in covering up, hiding, and practically getting rid of this crowning feature of the human face divine. What it has done, or what change has passed upon it, that it should be so ignominiously expelled from sight, I am unable to discover or imagine. Time was when a lover might have been as much enraptured with his mistress' fair brow as with her beautiful eyes, but now he can only sing, if he sings at all, of the fascinating frizz, the delightful fluff, or the lovely bang his lady wears behind which her forehead long since disappeared.

To me it seems against nature. If she had wanted the forehead covered up with hair, she'd have made it grow there, like the beard on a man's chin. I wonder if you like it any better than I do? I don't believe the minister does, for I've noticed two or three times, when he had girls to baptize, he could hardly find a spot on the foreheads big enough to put his fingers on, and it did seem to trouble him a little. Perhaps I oughtn't to say it, and yet somehow it set me to wondering how the angel it speaks of in the Book of Revelation could find room to seal the servants of God in their foreheads or write their Father's name there if they were all covered up like that.

I'm very much afraid we've seen the last of them—the foreheads, I mean—and another generation won't have any, unless a change comes very quick. You know these scientific men say that a faculty or organ that is constantly disused—I believe that's it—tends to disappear altogether. And why not a *feature* too? I can't bear to think of all the beautiful foreheads covered with hair growing down to the eyes, can you? And yet, what's to hinder I don't see, if the hair is deliberately and steadily trained to grow there. The old artists knew better than we, not to take the regality from the feminine face, by hiding the brow under a mop of hair. The beautiful Madonnas of Raphael and Murillo have brows of queenly loveliness. And imagine Florence Nightingale going about in bangs.

Advice to Swearers.

Nobody cares for the swearing of an habitual swearer. His volleys of profanity have no terror in them. They mean nothing. It is the man who never swears who scares you out of your boots if once in a lifetime he does swear. So far as we can learn Washington only swore once during all the eight years of the revolutionary war. But that one time counted. It turned back the tide of retreat, changed a rout into a victory and made things hum. But the fellow who swears on all occasions, and swears hot and cold with the same mouth, the intellectual pauper who ekes out his barren supply of ideas with an abundant crop of profanity, whose conversation is a long chain of mill privileges, and talks as a beaver works his swearing is weak, tiresome. So if you want to swear with any effect, my boy, be very seldom about it. Be exclusive in your profanity. If you can't get along without it bring it out, occasionally, like rare old family diamonds don't keep it running six or eight hours a day, like the kitchen hydrant.

And—you won't be offended, my son—but if you will observe closely you will perceive that young men, boys, fledgelings of about your age, swear more than men—more frequently, more with less point and direction. A man becomes ashamed of it. It belongs to the cigarette and matinee period of life, my boy. It is a habit that flourishes in the bread-and-butter days, along somewhere between the high-school and the college, and while the blue ribbon on the diploma is bright. It belongs to what Puck so aptly calls the "unsalted generation," the fresh young men. So put it away and put on manly things.

I know some good men some of the best in the world, who will confound it, and even dog-gone it, and in New England even a deacon has been known, under a terrible strain, to "condemn." But as a rule, my son, don't do it. Don't swear. It isn't an evidence of smartness or worldly wisdom. And a good many fools do it. I, my son? Ah, if you could only gather up all the useless uncalled for ineffective swears I have dropped along the pathway of my life, I know I would remove stumbling blocks from many inexperienced feet, and my heart would be lighter by a ton than it is to day. But if you are goinng to be a fool just because other men have been oh, my son, what a hopeless fool you will be

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"A POPULAR writer laments the fact that American poets are declining." It is different with the American poets themselves. They lament the fact that the editors of magazines and newspapers are declining.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., March 12, '84.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

WHITMER & CO'S.

Two Stores (connected by telephone) that aint beat anywhere "in this neck o the woods" buy WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, &c. Sell HARD and SOFT COAL. Manufacturers' Agents for Furniture and Farm Implements.

G. R. S. & Co. WHITMER & Co.

Spring Mills.

THE

ELECTRIC LIGHT

to be seen at

D. GARMAN & SON'S STORE.

People, especially outside of Bellefonte, are invited to call and see the Electric Light at Garman's store.

Lace for curtains—Garmans.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Franciscus has again put down prices in hardware. See his ad.

—A new Reformed church will be built at Pine Hall.

—Mr. Levi Murray, of this place, has been seriously ill of pneumonia.

—New styles Derby and Sedora hats just received at the Bee Hive.

Raw silk goods for curtains and lambrequons—Garmans.

—Martin Leitzel, of Potter twp., will take charge of the Lewistown Junction house, this spring. The hotel was purchased by his son, Stewart, recently.

—Rev. Thomas J. Frederick has accepted a call from the Lutheran charge at Oriole, Lycoming county, and has already moved thither.

—If all the business enterprises spoken of are started here upon the completion of our railroad, there will be an infant business boom for a while, and a little hamlet spring up near the station. It certainly is a favorable point for most any sort of manufacturing establishment. Come and see.

—That man or wife has not been found yet who ever regretted purchasing family groceries at Sechlers, for the reason that they seccure fresh and wholesome goods. One great misfortune in this regard is, too many stores offer you groceries that are stale and unfit for the table, and often adulterated. What you buy at Sechlers can be relied upon to be fresh and pure, always.

—Supt. Wolf informs us that the public schools of our county are in a flourishing condition. The local institutes are awakening new interest in the cause.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the whole physical mechanism.

—Some one asked: Are there any legal national holidays? No. States, by their legislatures, have designated certain days as holidays, but congress has never made any days such.

—In Huntingdon county Judge Hoy has adopted a rule to dock jurors employed on a case one day's pay for every five minutes he is late coming to court. Sock 'em the same in Centre, Judge.

—The horse sale on Saturday was well attended. Mr. Rankin had brought a fine lot of animals and prices ranged from $153 to $230. The bidding was spirited during the entire sale, an evidence that there is a demand for good horses.

—Mr. Simon Rote, an old and respected resident of Aaronsburg, had a stroke of paralysis, one day last week, while in the mountain cutting wood, which paralised him totally on one side. A boy who fortunately was with Mr. Rote at the time soon brought help, otherwise he would have perished where he lay in the snow. He was taken to his home, and as we learn is improving.

Now that sudden and violent changes of weather occur every 24 hours almost every one is troubled with coughs and colds making a reliable, effective and trustworthy cough medicine a desirable article. In this connection Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is especially worthy of note—it never fails; it never disappoints. Instructions for treatment of croup and whooping cough accompany each bottle. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf

—S. A. Stover, of the Bellefonte Marble Works, is getting orders from all parts of this and adjoining counties. His work is so superior to any other that all wanting monuments and tombstones, send him their orders. His charges besides are considerably lower. He keeps all kinds of stock, and orders for the most costly down to the cheapest, will be promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Dress goods at Garmans.

—Any active, energetic young men who desire employment in a paying business can learn something to their advantage by addressing Lock Box 75, Lewisburg, Pa. Work is respectable and good wages guaranteed. School teachers and others who will be out of employment during the summer months can find lucrative employment. $125.00 in three weeks.

125 bushels shelled corn, good No. for sale by A. J. Grove. 6mar4t

Parties that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 14oct6m J. J. GUENDEL.

White goods and embroiderics at Garmans.

SPRING MILLS AND VICINITY.

Aurand's drug store has been sold and will be removed. Mr. Aurand thinks of going to Union county. Penn Hall and Spring Mills expect to have telephone connection with Centre Hall. Some of our business men have an eye to Centre Hall with the extension of the railroad. Has the News-boy exhausted himself?

—Saturday morning all awoke to find nature beautifully encased in ice of near ¼ inch thickness. All outdoors had put on the crystal coat during the night. Trees, plants, limbs, twigs, mother earth, all, were coated, presenting an enchanting appearance, and had there been sunshine the effect would have been magical by adding a sparkling brilliancy twinkling with prismatic colors. The silvery shell kept these objects imprisoned until Sunday evening, when a storm set in and the icy envelope was shaken in millions of pieces from all objects that stood higher than the grounds. Walking on Saturday was difficult—all staggered along like drunken men. The telephone wires were rendered quite ornamental by the breeze. Besides the perfect icy case around the wire, there were myriads of icy pendants, about two inches long and about one-half inch apart, which fringed the wires with beautiful regularity. We do not think the fruit crop will be damaged any by this play of nature.

We have since observed that many trees were broken down by the weight of the ice. Fruit trees of all kinds were damaged; in the mountains the young pines could not withstand the great weight, and on the larger trees the branches were broken and dropped off. The shell of ice remained on the trees of the mountain districts until Tuesday afternoon, when rain set in followed by a spell of sunshine which caused the shell of ice to crumble and drop off. When we state that the ice which enveloped the stems and branches of the trees was half inch in thickness, one can easily imagine the immense weight a tree had to bear, especially the pines, the green needle like foliage of which held much more of the frozen water than the leafless trees.

—The telephone exchange has lost the service of Miss Lizzie Keyser, by her retirement from the switch-board. Never did a voice hello more charmingly mellow over a wire. Miss Keyser was prompt and obliging to all "calls," and leaves the exchange with the esteem and good wishes of many friends. No doubt she will serve a call from higher *powers*.

— From a communication in another column Penn township is threatened with a pen and ink duel on school finances. We only ask the parties to observe brevity, confine themselves to facts and avoid personalities.

☞Perfection.—The scarlet, cardinal red, old gold, navy blue, seal brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10 cents, at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

—Mr. Wm. Neese, of Farmers Mills, who was bedfast some five months from a disordered stomach, we are pleased to learn, is able to be about in the house again.

Cashmeres, etc, beat all in prices and quality, at Garmans.

NEW BOOK!—New goods in the hardware line, at the lowest possible figures and at a great reduction in price, for cash, at J. O. Heininger's Mammoth Centre Hall Hardware Store. Also a good White sewing machine, cheap. 12mr3m

—Subscribers changing their post-offices this spring should notify us, giving the old as well as the new address.

— Dr. J. W. Stem, of Millheim, has located at Spring Mills and will practice medicine there.

50 cent white shirt with linen bosom—Garmans.

—J. A. Hoover, across from here, in the mountain, almost stands on his head and thinks his note should be good for a thousand, because—its a boy.

— We enclosed a large number of bills, within the last two weeks, on which we would be pleased to have remittance.

—Dr. Fisher, of Boalsburg, is not improving fast from the paralytic attack he had some two weeks ago.

—Longville post-office, in this county, has been discontinued.

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet, that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1875.

"It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them."—MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$7,000 LOST.—"A tour of Europe that cost $2,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."—R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.

So. Bloomingville, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs.—I have suffered ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors.—MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Gough on Silk Hats.

"It would be no violation of the commandment," said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye, beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50c. All druggists. mar.

A PAYING INVESTMENT

At this season of the year when your cows fail in milk, your horses get rough in coat, your pigs refuse to thrive, and the hens don't lay as they should, you will find a package or two of McDonald's Celebrated Tonic and Blood Purifying Horse and Cattle Powder, judiciously administered, an investment that will pay big. This is positively the best horse and cattle powder made. J. D. Murray sells it. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. tf

For the REPORTER.

PERSONS LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES.

MR. EDITOR:—If there is a time beyond which forbearance longer ceases to be a virtue, that time is when a public officer is assailed, maligned and abused, and especially when done so by an ex-officer whose official career does not pass muster. Allow me, therefore, through the columns of your paper to refute a malicious report which has been circulated by Mr. C. Alexander, and also to show the public what had been done in former years.

A report has been circulated by Mr. C. Alexander that the Treasurer of the School Board of Penn township has had in his possession about $300 of the school funds for about a year, and was speculating with it all the time. Now if Mr. Alexander would use only a little common sense he could at once see that that allegation is entirely hypocritical and without foundation. He ought to know that the treasurer of a school board is elected either on or after the first Monday in June of each year, and that from the first Monday in June until the 18th day of February is not a year, nor "about" a year. (If he does not know it let him look at his almanac.) And he ought also to know that a treasurer of a school board has no right to speculate with the school funds in his possession, and that he cannot speculate with money which he has not got, except when his predecessor is indebted to the school board and gives his note for the amount of his indebtedness, and his successor collects interest therefrom and does not charge himself as treasurer with the interest; or when he has the funds and invests them and receives them back again with interest or profit.

Now let us see how the Treasurer was speculating with the school funds for about a year. True it is that the Treasurer

Received June 4, '83, of D. E. Gentzel, last year's Treasurer	$113 73
June 13 a draft from Harrisburg, State appropriation	145 15
Total	$258 88

That money was ready any time to pay out for school purposes; and the treasurer did offer to pay $100 of the same to the executors of the estate of Jacob Evert, dec'd, August 21, '83, for a lot on which to erect a new school house at Coburn, as directed by the board. (But of course they refused to take it.) And then on September 28 the Treasurer paid orders No. 1 & 2 amounting to $245, leaving a balance in the hands of Treasurer of $13.88. Great speculation indeed for a treasurer to have $258.88 at home, without use to him whatever, from June to September, and running the risk yet of some avaricious scoundrel coming and taking it from him without his consent.

And then from September 28 to November the Treasurer received tax on duplicate..... $140 48
Tax D. B. Geary, last year's collector..... 7 80

Total receipts Nov. 10.....	$407 16
At which time the Treas. paid order No. 3	$256 50
Total expenditures Nov. 10	$12 56

having paid then $105.34 of his own money in order to cash the orders promptly. Wonderful speculation for the Treasurer. I wonder if Mr. Alexander could or would have done the same. More might be said but I think this sufficient to convince the most skeptical. These are facts and, Mr. Alexander, nor any body else, can deny them. Other charges equally fallacious have also been made against the Treasurer and School Board, but I will forbear to notice them at present.

Now let us turn the table and see what has been done in former years. In the Pennsylvania School Register, of Penn township, among other things, we find that at a meeting of the School Board, held June 5, 1875, Mr. C. Alexander was elected President, H. H. Weiser, Secretary, and Jacob Alters, Treasurer; and at another meeting of the same board, held Apr. 1, 1875, (five members being present, and Mr. Alexander one of them,) we find the following: "The Board agreed to allow the Secretary $25 for his services during the year." It was also agreed upon "that each of the other directors (five in number) should have $5, and we find that on June 5, '76, an order was drawn, No. 58, in favor of one of the directors for $40—salary for five directors. Now why didn't Mr. Alexander at that time run over the township and howl, squeak, and squirm when the public funds were really voted away for his own use contrary to the plain mandates of the school law, viz: "No school director shall receive any pay or emolument whatever for his service as such, except that the secretary shall receive for his service such compensation as the board may direct." See Purdon, p. 248, Sec. 28 & 241, sec. 91. And also that school directors who vote for a misappplication of the public funds are personally liable to the township, &c." See note p. to Sec. 32, p. 241.

Again, we find in the same register, that at a meeting of the Penn Twp. School Board, held 7th June, '76, Mr. Alexander was elected treasurer for the ensuing year; and in the Treasurer's account for the year ending June 7, '76, we find that the Treasurer, Mr. Jacob Alters, gave a note to Mr. C. Alexander, Treasurer-elect, for $805.23. In the account of Mr. Alexander, as Treasurer, we find that the very last item of charges is the note from Mr. Alters for $805.23, and no interest at all. Now I would like to know whether Mr. Alters paid any interest on the note or not, and if he did so how much and what was done with it? (I am informed that Mr. Alters did pay interest.)

We also find that in the order book for the year ending first Monday in June, '76, there were sixty orders drawn by the Secretary, and in the Treasurer's acount for the same year, all orders were paid by the Treasurer except Nos. 26, 28, 29, 37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 50, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56 and 59, and that the amount of those not paid is $627. In Mr. Alexander's account, as Treasurer, among other things, we find that he credits himself with $636, (orders of last year paid) being $9 more than the true amount of said orders. These are also facts taken from the record. Now who had the greatest speculation? But such is life. A man is very apt to measure others by his own standard. O consistency what a jewel. No wonder some persons were watching with a jealous and avaricious eye the actions of the present school board of Penn township, and especially the treasurer, for fear they might do as others did when occupying the same position. How easy it is for a man who has had practical experience in such matters to judge and condemn others by his own actions, and how forcibly the injunctions: Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye. Therefore do like one did of old, restore fourfold what thou hast wrongly taken. TREASURER.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In buying a silver watch case great care should be taken to secure one that is solid silver throughout. The cap of most cheap silver cases is made of a composition known as albata, which is a very poor substitute for silver, as it turns black in a short time. The backs of such cases are made much thinner than those of an all silver case, being robbed in order to make the cap thicker and get in as much as possible of the cheap metal. Another important point in a silver case is the joints or hinges, which should be made of gold. Those of most cheap cases are made of silver, which is not a suitable metal for that purpose. In a brief period it warps, bends and spreads apart, allowing the backs to become loose upon the case and admitting the dust and dirt that accumulate in the pocket. The Keystone Silver Watch Cases are only made with silver caps and gold joints.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 17, 1883.

In our long and varied experience in handling watches, we cannot but acknowledge and give our testimony that the Keystone Solid Silver Watch Cases are the best made to our knowledge. Having no soldering they remain homogeneous, harder and stiffer than they would be were they knotted by soldering, and have much resisting power against pressure than any other cases in the market. MERSHON & JAQUARD JEWELRY CO.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nos. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dart

Hats and neckwear at Garmans.

THE WEEK'S SUMMARY.

Monday, March 3.

The withdrawal of freight traffic from the Troy and Boston railroad by the New York central went into effect Saturday.

Homer L. McGaw, of Pittsburg, Pa., a printer, was elected Saturday night district master workman Knights of Labor.

The porte has refused to permit the Marquis de Noailles, the French ambassador, to establish a French college at Beyrout.

Mayor Bartlett, of San Francisco, has forwarded $3,100 to Mayor Jacob, of Louisville, Ky., for distribution to the flood sufferers.

For his services in propagating the use of the French language, Prof. Morand, of Boston, was been made a member of L'Alliance Francaise.

Henry Irving's second week in Boston closed on Saturday night with $24,087 total receipts. The total receipts of the American tour foot up $292,571.

The Atlantic City (N. J.) Review has been sold to Alfred M. Heston, late editor of The Burlington (N. J.) Chronicle, and John C. Shieve, of Burlington, N. J.

James O'Neil, aged five years, whose parents reside at No. 209 Sixth street, Jersey City, was run over and killed Saturday afternoon by a brewer's wagon.

Two freight trains on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road collided Saturday morning. Both trains were wrecked. One engineer and a fireman were fatally injured.

Cornelius Van Riper and his three children lost their lives in a tenement house fire in New York yesterday morning, his wife breaking her neck by a jump from a window.

Tuesday, March 4.

Maine Greenbackers will convene at Augusta on April 30.

Earl Granville says England will not with draw her troops from the Soudam.

The Berlin papers continue to abuse Minister Sargent.

Last week eastern freight shipments from Chicago showed a decline of 4,000 tons.

A triple alliance has been concluded between Russia, Germany and Austria.

Immigrants ill clad and in a state of starvation have been arriving in Montreal of late.

The European terminus of the Bennett cable has been fixed at Waterville, county Kerry, Ireland.

John William Montagu, the Earl of Sandwich, is dead. He was born in 1811. In politics he was a Conservative.

It is reported that Lieut. Merry, of the United States ship Tallapoosa, will be chosen to command the Arctic steamer Alert.

The corporation of cork has decided to give the remains of Jerome Collins, of the Jeannette expedition, a public funeral.

California cigarmakers are combining against their Chinese employes who are on strike. Aid from the east is asked for.

The report that McGinniss, the Philadelphia murderer, was respited was premature. The court of last resort refused to interfere.

Nicholas Kelly, forty-five years of age, a brakeman on the Connecticut River railroad, was run over and killed at Holyoke, Mass.

Victor C. Andre, who was shot by Jennie Almy on Feb. 12, will be able to leave the Presbyterian hospital, New York, in a fortnight or so.

Suit has been brought by ex-Lieut. Gov. Underwood, of Vermont, for $1,500,000 damages for having been illegally confined in an insane asylum.

William Kopman, of Jamaica, L. I., saved $1,064.77, which was deposited in bank by his wife. She died, and his children have been awarded the money.

John B. McGreevy, sexton of St. Pius Catholic church, Baltimore, committed suicide and left a letter laying the blame on the pastor, Rev. L. S. Molloy.

B. W. Hall, the Chicago contractor, who fled from that city with $3,000 due his employees, is in Toronto, and defies the United States authorities to extradite him.

Wednesday, March 5.

The Princess Marie and Prince Frederick Charles have become reconciled.

The Spanish guard has been removed from the revenue cutter Marianne Notobom.

The Louisiana Republican State convention is in session to-day at New Orleans.

A collision occurred between Chinese soldiers and Europeans at Shanghai yesterday.

John C. Hackenburg, of Flemington, N. J., has been driven to suicide by dyspepsia.

The Rhode Island Democratic state convention is called for Wednesday, the 19th.

The Freethinkers convention will meet at Salamanca, N. Y., in national convention in September.

The Reading and Pittsburg Railroad company has been granted a charter. Capital stock, $830,000.

Garrett A. Hobart has resigned the receivership of the defunct First National bank of Newark, N. J.

Gay, Woodman & Co., shoe manufacturers of Augusta, Me., announce a cut down of thirteen per cent.

The seventh annual convention of the Grand League Knights of Honor of Virginia is in session at Page.

The Alumni of Princeton college celebrated their annual dinner at Delmonico's Covers were laid for 300.

The bill submitting the question of biennial elections to the people of Massachusetts has been defeated in the house.

Theodore Dorest, his wife and son, of Birmingham, Ct., have been arrested for making and passing counterfeit silver coin.

Bernard McDermott, a miner, formerly of New Paltz, Ulster county, was killed yesterday at Sing Sing by a premature blast.

Frederick Burringar, while repairing shafting at Cunningham's foundry, New Castle, Pa., was caught by the clothes and killed.

The Brooklyn bridge committee on tolls have decided that a reduction of the fare charged for crossing the bridge is not at yet expedient.

Thursday, March 6.

Henry Irving called on the president yesterday.

The arrests of Anarchists by the Swiss police still continue.

Kenneth Rayner, solicitor of the treasury department, is dead.

Work at the League Island navy yard is gradually being suspended.

Eva McMahon, a little girl, died of hydrophobia near Chicago last evening.

The czar and czarina sent a wreath to be placed on the coffin of Minister Hunt.

It is reported that the foot and mouth disease exists in the southwestern part of Maine.

Joseph Weidner, an engineer, was frightfully mangled at Reading, Pa., by being caught in an ore washery.

Two freight trains collided at Missoula, Montana, Monday night. A number of section hands were badly injured.

The Baltimore annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its 100th session in Washington yesterday.

The common council of Bayonne, N. J., has removed City Treasurer Francis T. Hall, the thermometer was 36 degrees below zero at Concord, N. H., yesterday morning, being the lowest point reached for more than thirty years.

Senator Sherman has introduced the Watterson's William Henry Smith bill to copyright the news in daily and weekly papers.

The New York State Republican committee recommend that delegates to the national convention be elected by district conventions.

The lasters employed in Gay, Woodman & Co.'s shoe factory, at Lewiston, Me., struck yesterday morning in consequence of a reduction in pay on soft boxing.

Fourteen spinners imported to New Bedford, Mass., from Pawtucket Tuesday refused to go to work yesterday, claiming that the situation had been misrepresented to them.

Edwards, the champion Australian pedestrian, has accepted the challenge of Vaughn, the English champion, for a six days' match, and has just put up at San Francisco, a forfeit of $250.

Friday, March 7.

The porte will appoint a Christian governor of Crete.

The Oshawa Cabinet company, of Toronto, have failed. Liabilities, $65,000; assets, $35,000.

French workmen, prompted by Anarchists, have published a manifesto which urges a demonstration against the government.

A sudden rush of the Sandy river at Catlettsburg, Ky., tore away two miles of timber fleets. Loss, $10,000.

The funeral of Col. James Cushing, the pioneer circus proprietor, occurred yesterday afternoon at Dover, N. H.

Sir Henry James, attorney-general, has served a writ upon Mr. Charles Bradlaugh for voting in the house of commons Feb. 11.

Advices from Sonora, Tex., report a terrible accident in the Pretas mine, caused by the caving in of a shaft. Twenty men were injured.

The justices of the peace in Londonderry have asked the government to proclaim the Orange and Nationalist meetings on St. Patrick's Day.

At his own request, the nomination of Thomas M. Keogh to be United States marshal for the northern district of North Carolina has been withdrawn.

The Reis sheet iron mill at Newcastle, Pa., which has been idle for several months, will resume operations on the 12th, giving employment to 400 men.

The female suffragists of New York will give a reception to-morrow evening at the Hoffman House to ladies who have labored in the cause in Illinois, Oregon and Indiana.

James Crawford, of Philadelphia, charged by the Pennsylvania Railway company with embezzling tickets while in the company's employ as conductor, has been found guilty.

The Massachusetts senate passed the amended Meigs elevated railroad bill without a dissenting vote. The bill now goes to the house, and will undoubtedly become a law.

The bill granting the right to unmarried women and widows to vote at municipal elections passed a second reading in the Ontario legislature by a vote of 42 to 26.

The new building of the medical department of the University of Vermont, at Burlington, erected by John S. Howard at a cost of $30,000, was dedicated yesterday.

George Bubear, the English oarsman, and Wallace Ross, the New Brunswick sculler, are practising assiduously for their match of March 10. Betting is 5 to 4 in favor of Bubear.

Saturday, March 8.

The Illinois Democratic state convention is called for July 2 at Peoria.

A syndicate of eastern capitalists are forming a monopoly to manufacture tacks.

The post office at North Andover Centre, Mass., was robbed on Wednesday night.

The elevated railroad bill for Boston was passed in the Massachusetts senate yesterday.

Toronto appropriately celebrated the fiftith anniversary of its incorporation yesterday.

The legislature of Ontario have passed a bill declaring in favor of co-education of the sexes.

The Irish migration company, with a capital of £250,000, has been formed, Mr. Parnell being chairman.

A syndicate of Western capitalists is said to have gained control of the brass goods factories of the country.

A sacred white elephant, consigned to a circus firm in America, left Liverpool for Philadelphia yesterday.

The president has nominated Col. John Newton to be chief of engineers, with the rank of brigadier-general.

Another suicide due to losses at gambling has occurred at Monte Carlo. This makes the nineteenth since Jan. 1.

The people of Wichita, Kan., have collected fifty carloads of corn for the aid of the sufferers by the Ohio floods.

The coal war of freight rates between the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio railroads is increasing in bitterness.

The Northern Pacific Railroad company has purchased twelve locomotives on the installment plan from the New York locomotive works.

The French bark Clotilde, which sailed from this port on September 6 for St. Denis, has not been heard from since, and she is given up as lost.

The Wisconsin Republican state central committee has decided on April 30 as the date for the convention to select delegates to the national convention.

A brutal prize fight occurred yesterday on Long Island, witnessed by 400 spectators of New York. Dempsey whipped Gracey. Thirty arrests have been made.

The northern and southern divisions of the Mexican Central railway are within eight miles of each other, and preparations are completed for covering the whole remaining distance in one day. This will be done to-day.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

The Stock Market Growing Weaker.

NEW YORK, March 7.—Speculation showed no important feature. The opening transactions were in control of the professionals of the board room, who scalped the market up a little and down a little for eighths and quarters. The extraordinary exports of nearly $4,000,000 by to-morrow's steamer for Europe was the principal topic of discussion.

PRICES closed: N. Y. Cent. 116¾; N. J. Cent. 88¼; North. Pac. 21; do. pfd. 46¾; Cent. Pac. 80¾; Missouri Pac. 90¾; N. Y. L. 105; Alton & T. H. 44; do. pfd. 93; Del. & Hud. 108¾; Del. Lac. & West. 128¾; Erie, 21¾; Lake Shore, 102¾; Morris & Ess., 124½; Northwest. 119¾; do. pfd. 142¾; Reading, 33½; Rock Island, 121¼; St. Paul, 91¾; do. pfd. 116¾; Union Pac., 80¼; Chi., Burl. & Quin. 123½; Texas Pac., 19¼.

General Markets.

NEW YORK, March 7.—Our local grain markets started off this morning active and strong, with March and May wheat ¼c above last night's closing and April ⅜c. Corn opened active and with more firmness. Compared with last night March and April were ½c higher and May ⅜c. Oats were rather more active, and opening about ½c. higher than they closed last night, have retained their full strength.

—Prof. J. W. Keller, of this place, assisted by Profs. Philip and Lowell Meyer, will hold a concert with his singing class in the Lutheran church, at Zion, on Saturday evening, 22.

—Sechlers have just opened a full line of choice family groceries and provisions, such as teas, coffees, sugars, spices, canned goods, dried fruits, meats, nuts, oysters, fine candies, fish, syrups, etc, together with glass, china, wood and willow ware, and household supplies of all kinds at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind. Meat Market.—Best of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Mar. 10, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

	Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	Mar. 61¼	—60 a61
Wheat	" 90	—1.09
Oats	" 31¼	—43½
Pork	" 17.55	
Lard	" 9.92½	

SAMUEL WHITE, JR., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	65
Corn, shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Clovereed	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 9½; ham, 10½; shoulder, 10; bacon or side, 10; eggs per dozen 15 cents.
Corrected weekly by L. J. Grenoble.
COAL—Pea, 3.25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 30, eggs 30, ham 16 shoulders 13, sides 12½, lard 13, potatoes 55—by Valentines Store.

—Druggist Murray reports a growing demand for McDonald's celebrated Worm Powders.

MARRIED.

On 5th instant, by Rev. Z. A Yearick, Mr. Edward G. Mingle to Miss Isabella M. Cronmiller, both of Aaronsburg.

On March 9, by Rev. A. E. Zimmerman, Mr. Samuel Grenninger, of Rockgrove, and Mrs. Fietta Kerstetter, of Coburn.

DIED.

At Aaronsburg, Mrs. Peter Moumbower, aged 70 years, 11 months.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN SPICHER,
MICHAEL H. SPICHER, Executors.
12mar6t Centre Hall, Penn'a.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Josiah Neff, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. MOLLIE NEFF,
SUE E. NEFF, Executors.
6mar6t Centre Hill, Penna.

WE ARE SELLING

TO-DAY.

Nails at $2.65 Basis. Bar Iron at 1¼ Cents.

Lewis' Pure White Lead at $6.25. Mixed Paints, all colors, very low.

Door Locks at 25 cents and 35 cents each. Thum Latches at 4 and 5 cents each.

Long handled iron Shovels at 35 and 40 cents each.

GOOD SETS OF AXLES AT $2.50.

Good Hickory Fellows at 75c per pair.
Good finished hickory Poles at 75c.
Bright Springs 8½ to 9½c per pound.
Finished hickory Shafts at 50 to 60 cts. per pair.
Dash leather. Dull, Duck, Rubber, Drill

LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN.

Wood screws, Carriage and Tar bolts almost at the price of bar iron per lb. Ask or write for prices.

One-strap Horse blanket at 75c each.
Two-strap " " 85c "
Buffalo Robes, Lap Robes, Whips, &c., very low. Call and see them. We are selling the largest stock of goods we ever sold.

MACHINE BOLTS

from 4¼ inches to 36 inches by ¼x¾.

You need not make them any more. We sell them at about the price you pay for the round iron. Think of 14½x¾ machine bolts, square heads and nuts and screws for 10 to 15 cents each.

Great Reduction in Shades and Shadings.

Shades, plain, fringed and scolloped Lower than ever.

The newest styles of Dado, Picturesque and Artistic shades, beautiful in design and finish.

Horse Shoes at $4 25 Per Keg.

Steel and Iron Harrow Teeth. Tool Steel never was as low.

Cedar tubs, galvanized and iron bands, Painted Pails, Step Ladders, Matches, Twines, Paper Bags, &c., &c., never were as low in price and as good in quality.

Dupont's Powder,

Rifle, Maning, Eagle, Bar Lead, Shot, &c

10,000 PIECES WALL PAPERS

From five cents a bolt up to any price you want them; no trouble to show them. Come and look at them if you don't want them, just to see how pretty they are. Centres, Ceilings, Brackets, Finest Stylings in plain and gilt.

SILVERWARE.

Our Silver Ware Cases will soon be open for inspection. A full branch of Silhollon ware, Knives, Forks, Castors, &c., will be opened at unheard of low prices.

BIRD CAGES, Japan and Brass. Our full stock just in, 25 per cent lower than last season.

Brushes of all kinds. Brooms of all kinds. Very low.

On application our catalogue and price lists will be mailed to any one. Trade supplied with all our merchandise at trade prices, which on comparison will be found as low as eastern prices.

F. G. FRANCISCUS,
feb26tf Lewistown, Pa.